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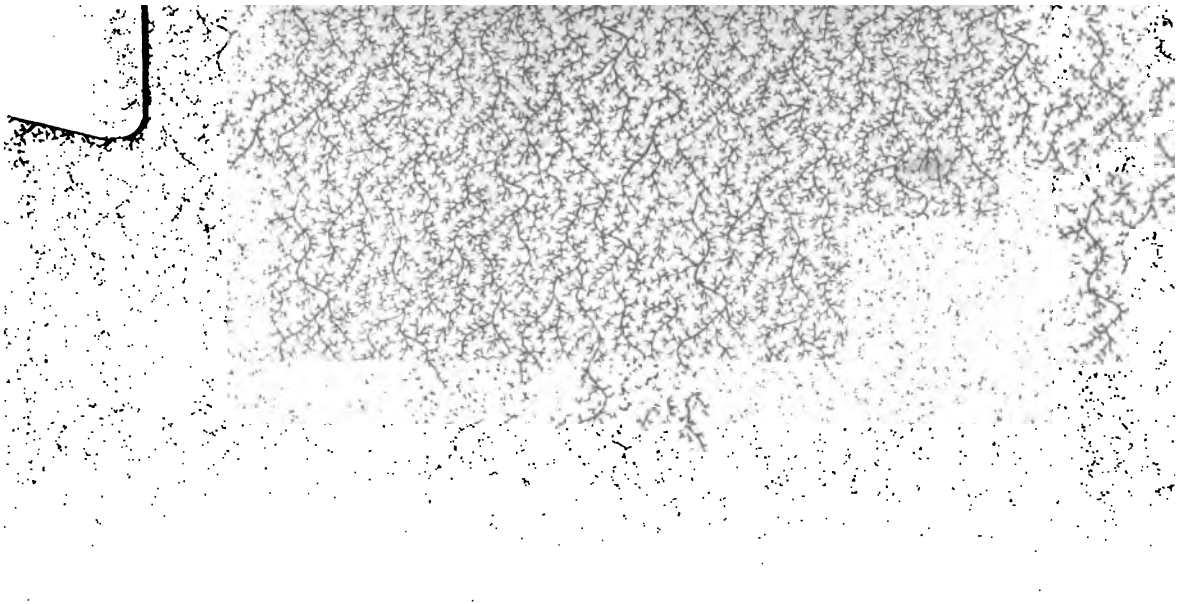

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GEO. C. SHATTUCK.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

SERIOUS

AND

ENTERTAINING.

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TO THE

Rev. JONATHAN MAXCY, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF RHODE-ISLAND COLLEGE.

SIR,

LOOKING back on the hours of my past life, none appear more dear to me than those which I passed at that University which is now, and was then, honoured by your superintendence.

As a small tribute, therefore, of my gratitude, as well as personal esteem and respect for your high character and talents, permit me, Sir, to dedicate this little volume to you, with an assurance, that I take to myself a secret pride and satisfaction in making this public acknowledgment.

I am, Sir,
With sentiments of esteem,
Your humble Servant,

PAUL ALLEN.

ПРОЧИТАНО
ЛЬВІВ
МЕДИЦИНА

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more difficult than for an author to write on the ſubject of his own productions. If he applauds, he will incur, and with juſtice, the name of a ſelf-conceited coxcomb; and if he cenſures, he will as juſtly have his character for truth and ſincerity called in queſtion by the world. I hope I may, without either imputation, declare, that it was not the vanity of authorſhip that induced me to make the following collection: had that been the object, I might, from the many trifles I have written, have ſwelled my collection into a good *ſizeable* volume. It is certainly an impoſition to expoſe pieces, which were written merely to gratify private whim, or the ſolicitations of friendſhip, to the inſpection and animadverſion of a judicious and diſcriminating public. Productions of ſuch a nature ought to die with the occaſion which gave them birth. Many of the moſt celebrated Engliſh writers, by an injudicious expoſure of productions of this kind, have eſſentially injured their characters; from which even the venerable names of Pope and Swift do not form an exception.

To ſay that I am indifferent about the fate of my preſent publication, would be arrogantly to aſſume what does not belong to feeble humanity. To ſay that I build very ſtrong hopes on it, would equally ſwerve from the truth, and violate the feelings of my heart. Neither indifferent to public applauſe, nor anxiouſly courting it, I await the iſſue of the trial.

Several of the following pieces were written in moments of occaſional mirth and gaiety, and others in a ſettled gloom and dejection of mind. I hope, and cheer myſelf in the hope, that the reader, whatever fault he may find in the poetry or the language, will diſcover nothing which has a tendency to excite or continue the acrimony of party, nothing which will injure the ſacred cauſe of virtue and religion.

Authors who can meanly pander thoſe talents which God and nature have given them for the nobleſt purpoſes, to the worſt, muſt have much to reflect on, and much to regret, in the hour of diſſolution. Licentiouſneſs of principle needs not the alluring excitements of the painter or the poet to bring it into action. On the contrary, he who endeavours to ſupport the cauſe of virtue and religion, though he ſhould fail in the attempt, deſerves the thanks of mankind for the effort. Succeſs of

execution

execution is what no man, however gifted by nature, or improved by education, can promiſe to himſelf; but every man, however inferior his talents, may and ought to be reſponſible for purity of intention; and with that he muſt ultimately be contented. The event is in the diſpoſal of a Being who knows, who appreciates, and who will finally reward, the labours of his faithful ſervants. The widow, who caſt her mite into the temple, did not paſs unnoticed or uncommended by that Being to whom the temple was conſecrated.

That man is little verſed in the practice of the world, who does not know that the reputation of an author, as well as that of a man, is always open to the ſneers of the malevolent. This is the unhappy propenſity of human nature, from which no rectitude of conduct, no purity of intention, no ſplendour of intellect, can defend us.

Deeply impreſſed with theſe conſiderations, and at the ſame time conſcious of my many deficiencies; having perhaps much to fear from the one, and little indulgence to hope for the other; I ſubmit my productions to the public tribunal.

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ORIGINAL POEMS.

A Poem delivered in the Baptiſt Meeting-Houſe, September, 1793—the Anniverſary of the Commencement of Rhode-Iſland College.

WHILE foreign empires ſpread their loud alarms,
And riſe reſplendent in the pomp of arms;
While wars and diſcord bid the crimſon gore
Swell in each vein, and guſh from ev'ry pore;
COLUMBIA ſtands, and frowns away their rage,
And ſhines, the glory of the preſent age.

No happy period, ſince the world began,
E'er brought ſuch bleſſings on the race of man;

Since firſt this ſparkling firmament of light
Sprung from the regions of chaotic night,
And round yon glorious orb enraptur'd hung,
While morning ſtars their loud hoſannas ſung.

The Muſe, prophetic, views thy future days,
And on the radiant proſpect dares to gaze;
Unnumber'd viſions on her fancy riſe,
And diſtant ages ſwim before her eyes;
Where all the Roman grandeur fades away,
Like a pale meteor in the blaze of day.

The firſt in order, as the firſt in fame,
Behold thy worthies riſe, of mighty name!
The firſt and braveſt of that glorious band,
Behold the Saviour of his Country ſtand!
Great WASHINGTON! thy deeds ſhall never paſs;
But ſtand engrav'd on pyramids of braſs.
Fame gives the laurel thou haſt juſtly won,
And Freedom hails thee as her choſen ſon.

When ſhouting ſeraphs ſign'd that great decree,
In heav'n's high court, "Columbia ſhall be free,"
That fix'd decree, which gave an empire birth,
Was regiſter'd by WASHINGTON on earth.
Succeeding ages ſhall admire the day,
When, wrapt in thunder's terrible array,
O'er the wide field of death thy dauntleſs form
Strode, like a cloud before an angry ſtorm;
Bidding the martial flame of glory riſe,
And kindling battles with thine ardent eyes.
But now the ſilver ſound of Peace has rung,
And Independence warbles from her tongue;
Still WASHINGTON our ſafety guides, and braves
The mighty conflict of ſurrounding waves.
Long may a golden flight of days and years,
Propitious, ſave a watchful nation's tears.
May peace, and ev'ry ſocial bleſſing, find,
O WASHINGTON! repoſe within thy mind;
And when thy ſoul on ſeraphs' wings ſhall ſoar,
And, like Columbus, unknown worlds explore,

May guardian angels ſoothe and cheer thy way,
And ope the viſions of celeſtial day!

When glowing ardours lift th' aſpiring Muſe,
Say, who can FRANKLIN's ſwelling praiſe refuſe?
Whoſe name, on Glory's fair horizon rais'd,
Shone like a ſtar, or like a comet blaz'd;
Whoſe mind, in one vaſt ſyſtem, could embrace
Suns, ſtars and planets in its awful ſpace;
Whoſe bold right hand heav'n's fierceſt thunder held,
And all the fury of the ſtorm diſpell'd.
But ſubjects more ſublime his bounty ſhar'd,
When this illuſtrious Stateſman nobly dar'd
The bold aſſerter of our rights to ſtand,
And wrung the ſceptre from a tyrant's hand.
No ſubtle ſtateſman's viſionary ſcheme,
No fire-wrought phrenſies of a poet's dream,
Employ'd the ſtrong exertions of a mind
Whoſe manly genius glow'd for all mankind.

Illuſtrious Shade! around thy peaceful urn
Shall Virtue's everlaſting taper burn:
There Science oft a heart-felt tear ſhall ſhed,
And wet the laurels blooming o'er thy head.
What little bark can FRANKLIN's praiſe explore;
That trackleſs deep, that ſea without a ſhore?

Hail, mighty HANCOCK! thy illuſtrious name
Swells the loud clarion of immortal fame.
When Freedom bow'd beneath Oppreſſion's ſtroke,
When daring Infamy upheld her yoke,
Thy ſoul with more than mortal courage roſe,
And glow'd undaunted in the midſt of foes.
Their boaſted ſchemes like midnight viſions flew,
Which Fancy with her airy pencil drew.
Though age, and ſickneſs, and a nation's cares,
Sit on his brow, and whiten all his hairs,
Still HANCOCK holds the fame his glory won,
As light ſtill beaming from a ſetting ſun.

Long may propitious Heav'n preſerve from fate
The mighty Father of a mighty State;
Reſtore thy mind from cares and troubles free,
And guard a nation by preſerving thee;
Illume thy ev'ning with the rays of peace;
Thy joys increaſing as thy years increaſe.

No more ſhall Glory's animating breath
Sound the loud trumpet in the field of death;
Or ſummon forth, to mix in war's alarms,
The ſons of Freedom, from their peaceful farms.
Laden with laurels and triumphant ſpoils,
Our hardy vet'rans quit their glorious toils:
Thoſe men who conquer'd in the martial field,
And with their blood our independence ſeal'd,
Enjoy, in Freedom's circling arms reclin'd,
The high ſenſations of th' enraptur'd mind;
With conſcious pride and manly virtue great,
They ſpurn the fawning ſycophants of ſtate;

They read o'er Freedom's everlaſting plan,
And feel th' aſpiring majeſty of man;
Which Rome, that nurſe of arms and ſcience too,
With all her boaſted knowledge, never knew;
And Greece herſelf that haughty head muſt bow,
To wreathe the laurel round Columbia's brow.
That ſword which oft, in many a doubtful day,
Broke through the ranks, and ſcatter'd wild diſmay—
Which made ſtern tyrants ſhrink with conſcious dread,
And tore the plume from proud Britannia's head—
Which made the fabric of oppreſſion fall—
Is now hung high in Freedom's glorious hall;
There to remain, to our ſucceeding race,
Columbia's pride, and Britain's foul diſgrace.

'Tis thine, bleſt Country! to preſerve unſtain'd
Thoſe rights which Freedom with ſuch honour gain'd.
O may thy children graſp the glorious prize
That wing'd their great forefathers to the ſkies!

Yes, may they to their ſacred tombs repair,
And by their holy aſhes fiercely ſwear,
Firm on the necks of proſtrate kings to tread,
And from a tyrant's body tear the head!
O may they dare an injur'd world to ſave,
Or find in death an honourable grave.

Ye cringing ſuppliants of a tyrant's throne,
Behold your air-built ſyſtems overblown!
No longer ſhall your empty ſchemes oppreſs
The pale-ey'd ſons of ſorrow and diſtreſs.
Behold, with tearful eyes, your faded fame!
Let glowing, guilty bluſhes ſpeak your ſhame:
For Infamy herſelf may feel the ſmart
Of cold deſpair corroding on her heart.
Long may Reflection's all-inſpiring pow'r
Recal to Mem'ry's eye that gloomy hour,
When Freedom ſnatch'd her violated laws,
And bade her ſons aſſert her righteous cauſe;
When gaſping patriots pour'd the vital flood;
When rivers ran, and oceans foam'd, in blood;

When nations wept, without an arm to ſave,
And horror triumph'd on th' Atlantic wave!
So may the fabric of this ſplendid clime
Riſe nobler ſtill, and blunt the ſcythe of Time!
Hence an illuſtrious band of brothers riſe,
Endear'd by fond affection's holy ties;
Their minds exult with fond, parental care,
To raiſe the ſoaring genius from deſpair,
To kindle in his breaſt the patriot's flame,
And, glorious taſk! to point the path to fame.
They bid the dark'ning clouds of anguiſh fly,
And wipe the tear from drooping Beauty's eye:
No more ſhall Miſery implore relief,
In all the ſilent eloquence of grief.
Hail, happy band! tis your ſublime employ
To make ſad ſorrow brighten into joy;
Your names with gratitude the orphan ſpeaks,
With tears of tranſport trickling down his cheeks:
Lo! Malice into admiration breaks,
And hiſſing Envy half uncurls her ſnakes.

Then let no party ſpirit e'er preſume
To damp your ſplendour with a deadly gloom;
The Roman patriot ſhall rejoice to ſhine
Th' exalted father of ſo bright a line.

What cheerful numbers warm the raviſh'd ears,
Sweet as the muſic of the rolling ſpheres!
Sure 'tis the voice of ſome angelic band,
Tranſporting Freedom to this favour'd land;
With more than mortal ſtrains the ſeraphs ſing,
As conſcious of the mighty charge they bring;
They ſpread their wings, and form, as on they fly,
A wider canopy than yonder ſky.
Full in the midſt of this tranſported throng,
Fair Freedom moves in majeſty along;
But when ſhe ſpeaks, what tongue ſhall dare controul
The wild emotions guſhing from the ſoul?
She gives her high commands, and takes her flight,
O'er the clear concave pav'd with ſtars of light.

Thus the fair harbinger, the morning ſtar,
On the bright hill-top drives his ſilver car,
Serenely ſmiles the midnight glooms away,
Awakes the morn, and ruſhes into day.
Ye ſons of Rapture, raiſe your golden lyres,
Bend ev'ry ſtring, and ſweep the ſhrill-twang'd wires;
Lull'd into raptures by the poet's dream,
O ſtrive to rival your immortal theme.
Say how oppreſſion Freedom's face defiles,
How yonder ſun beams only from her ſmiles;
And, while emotions pant in ev'ry vein,
To ſwift-ey'd Fancy give the flowing rein.
Mark in the weſt, how glorious to behold!
Bright Liberty her ſplendid gates unfold;
Triumphant arches riſe, that far ſurpaſs
The walls of marble, and the piles of braſs;
And, while the joyful ſong of triumph rings,
On its pure top the Eagle claps his wings.
Where are thoſe mighty men who once could wield
The flaming ſword, and ſhake the dazzling ſhield,

Whoſe deeds on Fame's eternal pinions ſoar,
Who conquer'd worlds, and wept to conquer more!
Say, ſhall thoſe tyrants who enſlav'd mankind
A ſeat in Liberty's fair temple find?
No; let their names in dark oblivion ruſt,
Or, with their bodies, crumble into duſt.

Another bluſh encrimſons all the ſkies,
Another glorious morning ſeems to riſe.
'Tis Gallia's Genius, which, ſo long conceal'd,
Is now in all her gorgeous robes reveal'd,
Walks on the zenith of bright Glory's ſpheres,
And with her hand the dark horizon clears.
When thy broad-ſpreading empire ſhall increaſe,
And huſh contending factions into peace,
The ſatellites of Pow'r ſhall fade away,
As ſtars before the glaring orb of day.

All hail, bright Freedom! may thy golden reign
For years, unnumber'd years, on earth remain;

Till the laſt Angel, warm'd with holy fire,
Unfurls his wings, and quits the raviſh'd choir,
Sweeps, careleſs ſweeps, all ſtars and ſuns away,
Thoſe clouds that darken heav'n's immortal day;
Lights on the centre, and around ſurveys
Theſe mighty orbits, wheeling as they blaze;
Then o'er the ſyſtem lifts his radiant hand,
And bids th' admiring planets ſilent ſtand,
And ſwears by Him whom heav'n and earth adore,
That time ſhall ceaſe, and nature be no more.

On leaving Rhode-Island College.

BLEST ſeat of Science! where my hours
In muſing meditation ſtray'd;
Where Virtue ſummon'd all her pow'rs,
And triumph'd in the Muſe's ſhade!

"Gay health, of lively vigour born,"
Smooth'd the rough viſage of deſpair,
And learning's roſe, without a thorn,
Bloom'd in ambroſial fragrance there.

Each fleeting phantom caught the ſight,
No cloud obſtructed Fancy's view;
In rapture roll'd away the night,
The day of joy too lightly flew.

But now theſe pleaſing ſcenes are o'er,
Their viſionary ſchemes have fled,
The fond illuſions charm no more,
And Fancy's ſprightly pulſe is dead.

I go, unſkill'd, among mankind,
Where warbling Pleaſure's ſyren lay
Steals ſlowly on the careleſs mind,
And lures the feet from virtue's way.

But, whereſoe'er I go, may ſtill
The fields, the groves, in gay attire,
The ſolemn ſhades, the fav'rite hill,
The ſadly-pleaſing thought inſpire.

Ye happy youths, ye favour'd few,
Who wander where bright Science treads,
May Learning's all-reviving dew
Fall gently on your honour'd heads.

And thou, fair Science, teach the ſoul
On Fancy's airy wings to riſe,
To ſpurn aſide this narrow pole,
And ſoar aloft in wider ſkies.

And let her through the radiant maze
Of congregated planets ſtray,
And ſyſtems, whoſe united blaze
Ne'er ſhot to us a gleam of day—

Far, far beyond that mighty brink
Of chaos, where creations ſleep;
Till all the pow'rs of Fancy ſink,
Exhauſted, in the trackleſs deep.

Still does my ſoul with tranſport burn
To taſte thoſe ſweets that never cloy,
Still will I hold, in Mem'ry's urn,
The aſhes of departed Joy.

Ode for the Fourth of July.

COME, let us join the cheerful ſong,
The ſong which thouſands ſhall employ;
Let the full chorus roll along,
And ſwell the loudeſt peal of joy!

Long may th' hiſtoric pages tell,
Whoſe arms upheld our dying laws;
How many heroes fought and fell,
Illuſtrious, in their Country's cauſe.

They ſtood, in many a doubtful day,
Th' unſhaken bulwarks of our land,
And nobly tore our rights away
From ſtern Oppreſſion's griping hand.

Hail, happy Shades! your glory lives,
Encircled with immortal rays,
While glad COLUMBIA freely gives
The laurel of unfading praiſe.

And when, in each revolving year,
The preſent glorious day returns,
Amidſt the general joy, a tear
Shall fall upon their honour'd urns.

Succeeding ages ſhall admire
Thoſe heroes who in battle bled,
And, warm'd with Freedom's holy fire,
Shall emulate the mighty dead.

Here Liberty ſhall long ſurvive,
When proud Oppreſſion fades and dies,
Until the ſun ſhall ceaſe to drive
His glittering chariot round the ſkies.

Then let us join the cheerful ſong,
The ſong which thouſands ſhall employ;
Let the full chorus roll along,
And ſwell the loudeſt peal of joy.

Columbia relieved.

TO a mouldering cavern, the manſion of wo,
COLUMBIA did often repair;
She tore the freſh laurel that bloom'd on her brow,
And threw it aſide in deſpair.

She wept for the fate of her ſons that were ſlain;
When the flames of fierce battle were ſpread;
When Diſcord and Carnage, relaxing the rein,
Rode grimly o'er mountains of dead.

As thus the fair Goddeſs revolv'd in her breaſt
The wrongs which her Country had borne,
A form more than human the Genius addreſs'd—
"Ah! ceaſe, fair COLUMBIA, to mourn.

"Now lift up thine eyes, and thy records behold,
"Inſcrib'd in the archives of Fame;
"The FOURTH of JULY, in rich letters of gold,
"Foretels the renown of thy name.

"From caverns of darkneſs, thy day-ſpring ſhall dawn,
"Ye kings, and ye tyrants, beware!
"Your names ſhall decay like the vapours of morn,
"Or vaniſh in phantoms of air.

"Thy temple, O Freedom! with grandeur ſhall riſe,
"Unſhaken by Tyranny's blaſt—
"Its baſis the earth, and its ſummit the ſkies—
"And firm as creation ſhall laſt.

"Then rouſe, fair Columbia! to glory aſpire;
"All nations with rapture ſhall gaze;
"E'en now the dark viſions of Diſcord retire,
"And Europe is loſt in thy blaze."

For the Fourth of July.

IN heav'n's empyreal height,
Did miniſters of light
Their ſeats aſcend:
A glorious order ſhone
Around th' Almighty's throne,
Who thus his will made known—
"Angels, attend!

"Mankind, on earth below,
"Shall more enlighten'd grow,
"Be this our care:
"The world ſhall now be free;
"COLUMBIA, firſt to thee
"We give the ſacred tree;
"Preſerve it fair."

He ceas'd, and ſhook the ſpheres;
With loud, applauding cheers
All nature rung;
Seraphs the concert join'd,
And heav'n and earth combin'd,
And, with enraptur'd mind,
His praiſes ſung.

To guide us thro' the war,
Virginia's Blazing Star
Beam'd bright his rays:
Tyrants beheld the fight,
And ſhrunk with wild affright,
Like the pale bird of night
In morning's blaze.

Diſcord abounds no more,
Nor laves our fields in gore;
She drops her chains:
The gentle voice of Peace
Bids all commotions ceaſe,
And Plenty's rich increaſe
Adorn our plains.

O may this fabric ſtand,
And may its name expand,
Till Nature dies;
Till earth's majeſtic frame
Shall ſink, abſorb'd in flame,
And WASHINGTON's bright fame
In Heav'n ſhall riſe.

For the Fourth of July.

ARISE! ye Sons of Glory, riſe!
Tho' ſavage tyrants ſhine in arms;
The coward ſenſe of death deſpiſe,
And brave the cannon's loud alarms.

Say, haughty Gallia's ſavage band,
Shall free COLUMBIA bow to thee?
Sooner may Heav'n's avenging hand
Deluge our country with the ſea.

What tim'rous heart can ever yield,
When Glory pours her brilliant ray;
Or fly inglorious from the field,
When *patriot* ADAMS leads the way?

Fain would I deck thy hoary hairs;
With laurels, ſuch as patriots bring;
But vain my Muſe the ſubject dares;
Thy glory tires her feeble wing.

Our youthful hearts with rage beat high,
And, firmly fix'd, we know our doom:
Reſolv'd to triumph or to die,
We chooſe no priſon but the tomb.

Some cherub oft ſhall walk around,
And dew with tears the hallow'd grave;
While Fame's immortal voice ſhall ſound,
Sweet is the mem'ry of the brave.

Dear is a father's tender fame,
Which oft has wak'd an anxious fear,
Dear is an infant's riſing name—
The voice of Freedom ſtill more dear.

Shades of our Fathers! well ye know
The mind's unconquerable ſwell;
And, though your aſhes ſleep below,
Speak from the clouds—ye ſure can tell.

Then hear, proud Gallia! while we kneel,
And ſwear by thoſe illuſtrious dead:
We ever will defend with zeal
Thoſe rights for which our Fathers bled.

Ode for the Association of Mechanics,

BLEST be the man whoſe piercing mind,
By vulgar precepts unconfin'd,
On wild, inventive wings can ſoar,
Where rude, misſhapen ſyſtems lay,
Beyond the reach of Order's ſway,
And Nature's boundleſs depths explore.

How bold! his genius how profound!
Tho' clouds and darkneſs hover round,
And ſhade the world of Arts in night;
A bright creation, fair and new,
Springs, like a Phœnix, to the view,
Beneath his more than magic might.

Of all this earth's contracted ſpan,
How ſmall the ſpace allow'd to man!
How partial Nature ſeems to thee!
Contemplate now thy little pride:
No wings, along the air to glide,
Or nimble fins, to ſkim the ſea.

How ſmall, how trifling, is thy range!
How wonderful the mighty change!
Man riſes from his darkſome ſtate:
His matchleſs mind all danger braves;
He wings the air, he ſwims the waves,
And ſeems to triumph over Fate.

When mutual-kindling ſouls divide,
When Beauty's bloom, or Valour's pride,
Beneath the ſcythe of Death ſhall fall;
Though keen the pang that Nature gives,
Behold! their dear remembrance lives,
In mournful ſilence, on the wall.

" But if this favour is deny'd,
" And Chloe driven to deſpair,
" I ſwear beneath the ſwelling tide
" To plunge, and bury all my care."

But Strephon anſwer'd, calm and grave,
" Go hang or drown, I care not whither;
" For heav'n's ſake, Chloe, ſeek the wave,
" And end your life and love together."

The curling ſmile, the lucent eye,
Throw many an artful, tempting lure;
Mere baits to catch the lovers by:
But prudence only can ſecure.

Ye fair! when once we graſp the bait,
No longer with your lovers play,
Leſt, when you leaſt expect it, ſtraight
We ſlip the hook, and ſcud away.

Elegy on a Dog named Cupid.

SAY, thou ſtern Monarch of the tomb,
Whoſe ſavage pow'r afflicts the beſt,
Can youth or beauty's crimſon bloom
To pity melt thy ſavage breaſt?

If beauty could thy boſom warm,
Or youth thy vengeful arrows ſave,
Then had poor Cupid's ſpotleſs form*
Eſcap'd the ſlumbers of the grave.

He met the near approach of death,
With calmneſs, and a ſoul reſign'd,
And yielded up at laſt his breath,
In ſteady conſtancy of mind.

Methinks I ſee the plaintive cat,
With face of gravity profound,
Look anxious for her playful mate,
And caſt an eye of ſorrow round.

* *He was white.*

In Fancy's ear ſhe ſeems to ſay,
Where art thou gone, my deareſt Cu?
With thee I've romp'd full many a day;
I bid thee now a long adieu.

Ye weeping mourners! dry your eyes,
Nor think the ſtroke of death ſevere:
Some other Cupid may ariſe,
Your ſpirits to revive and cheer.

Written in a Sister's Pocket-Book.

THOUGH neither wit nor ſentiment attend
Theſe lines, they ſhew the Brother and the Friend;
An heart, of ſacred Friendſhip the retreat,
Which, when it feels no more, will ceaſe to beat.

On returning to a Lady a borrowed Book, entitled "Serena, or the Triumphs of Temper," by Mr. Hayley.

SEE, lovely nymph, in Hayley's lines,
How brilliant Female Temper ſhines.
Beauty like yours, with magic charm,
Can man's ferocious pride diſarm,
The ſtubborn, wayward paſſions move,
And melt the ſtoic ſoul to love;
But Temper binds the fetters faſt,
And makes the pleaſing bondage laſt.
This was the magic zone that grac'd
The fair SERENA's lovely waiſt,
And taught her, in the trying hour
Of Spleen, to dare his utmoſt pow'r.
Then view, in Nature's glaſs, your mind,
And there, without a fiction, find
A form more lovely, juſt and true,
Than ever HAYLEY's pencil drew.

Comparison.

TOM, all in raptures with his wife,
Cries out, "What beauty, ſenſe and grace!
"Thou lovely partner of my life,
"Thy heart is ſpotleſs as thy face."

Ill-natured William hung his head,
Well knowing Molly's face was freckled,
Exclaims, I grant what you have ſaid—
No frog was ever half ſo ſpeckled.

A Device for a Quack's Coat of Arms.

LET two ſmall ſprigs with flow'rs be grac'd;
Beneath whoſe ſhelter one might ſee
Two gabbling ducks together plac'd,
And *quack, quack, quack*, the motto be.

Modern Sublimity in Poetry exemplified.

YOU aſk me, dear Strephon, to tell you in rhyme
How a man can aſpire to our modern ſublime.
If ſturdy Grimalkin ſhould rout in a trice,
And remorſeleſs purſue, an whole army of mice,
Let Achilles chaſe Hector, and that will ſhew pat,
The fear of a mouſe, and the ſpunk of a cat.
Should your beſt belov'd ſpaniel unluckily die,
Apollo muſt ſtand with his handkerchief by.
Or ſhould a few elegant compliments paſs
To the girl you have made your poetical laſs,
Bring the ſun from the ſkies to compare with her pin,
Nor regard the dark ſtate that the world will be in.
If you can but a few more ſuch objects compare,
You will hit all our Modern Sublime to an hair.

On a ſtupid and an impertinent Piece of Poetry.

WASPS may ſting, and flies may bite,
But when we feel the puny wound,
The trifling inſects take to flight,
Or elſe are beaten to the ground.

But bugs, that neither bite nor ſting,
Their weakneſs only can diſplay;
We ſmile to ſee a little thing
Get mad, and fret its rage away.

Thus, Florio, when your lines I hear,
Their nonſenſe has no charms for me;
That ſilly hum, that lulls the ear,
Proclaims the white-nos'd Humble-Bee.

Lines written on seeing a Spider weaving his Web on a Volume of the Spectator.

WHO taught thee, cunning Engineer!
To exerciſe thy labours here—
Thy filmy parallels to run
Acroſs the page of Addiſon?
Has father Time, flush'd with the ſpoils
Of modern authors, caus'd theſe toils,
And ſent thee here to circumvent
This fortreſs ſtrong? 'Tis time miſpent:
Sheer off, while yet the coaſt is clear,
For ruin gathers on thy rear.
But hadſt thou, moſt ſagacious elf!
Retreated to an upper ſhelf,
Where bugs and modern authors wait
And tremble at approaching fate,
Thou might'ſt have held poſſeſſion free,
At leaſt from all attacks by me.
Sure no contention can ariſe
Where Jemmy Boſwell is the prize!

Lines in Modo Darwine.

IT is well known that Dr. DARWIN, *in his* Botanic Garden, *has perſonified objects which, in the latitude he has taken, will not admit of perſonification. A flower, for inſtance, may be perſonified to a female, ſo far as to deſcribe grace, delicacy and beauty: but to carry the alluſion ſo far as to include matrimony, is farcical and ridiculous. Added to this, he frequently employs the moſt magnificent objects in nature to illuſtrate the moſt diminutive.*

The Loves of Bason and Soap.

SEE, in the kitchen's dark and lonely cell,
The child of wo, a PEWTER BASON, dwell![1]
Time was, alas! not very far the day,
Her broad face glitter'd to the morning ray:
In all her native loveline's elate,
She ſhone ſuperior to the charms of plate.
How chang'd the ſcene! in ſorrow's garb array'd,[2]
She pines and mourns, a ſolitary maid.[3]
For SOAP her heart with love inceſſant burns,[4]
Smiles in his preſence, in his abſence mourns;

But treach'rous Soap, ah! too unfaithful ſwain!
Rejects, and Pewter-Baſon mourns in vain.
Thus, in Idalia's grove, the Queen of Charms
Woo'd fair Adonis to her longing arms,[5]
Ply'd ev'ry fond and wily female art,
To rule the empreſs of his ſtubborn heart:
In vain ſhe ſtrove; in innocence ſo coy,
No charms could captivate the baſhful boy.

NOTES EXPLANATORY.

1. *Baſon*, an utenſil, known by that name, to contain water, or any thing elſe.

2. This alludes to the *ancient* cuſtom of ſcouring pewter.

3. *Pewter* has this ſingular quality, that when unſcoured it preſents a dull and gloomy appearance; ſo that it may properly be ſaid to be "*array'd in the garb of ſorrow.*" For further information ſee modern cloſets, *paſſim*.

4. It is difficult to trace the invention of ſoap; however, the proceſs ſeems to be this: a certain quantity of water is filtrated through a proper proportion of lime, greaſe and aſhes, which, being boiled to a conſiſtence, is very ſerviceable in cleaning the impurities of linen, &c.

5. The ſtory of the loves of Venus and Adonis is well known to the lovers of heathen mythology.

Impromptu on Lawyers.

HAVE you not ſeen a cat, for an hour without fail,
Run round her, and round her, in queſt of her tail,
Till at laſt, with a long and diſconſolate face,
She leaves off her friſkings, and gives up the chace?
Thus fares it with Lawyers, when pleading in court;
To ev'ry by-ſtander they make the ſame ſport;
When perplex'd, in the circle of logic they run,
And leave it more doubtful than when they begun.

A small Tribute to the Memory of Peter Pindar.

WHEN once my freeborn Muſe her verſe can bend,
To violate the feelings of a friend;
Search out alike the cottage and the throne,
To make our follies, not our virtues, known;

Each trifling ſoible magnify to crime,
And tattle it abroad in goſſip rhyme;
And, by no ſenſe of ſhame or reaſon aw'd,
Sport with religion, make a jeſt of God;
I'll ſearch out where thy cobwebb'd volume lies,
And read with rapture what I now deſpiſe.

To Ormond.

RICHES and ſplendour, birth and pow'r,
The child of folly may excuſe,
But never for a ſingle hour
Could charm the heav'n-aſpiring Muſe.

The man whoſe inmoſt ſoul is warm'd
By fancy's delicate delights,
Surely, my friend, was never form'd
To tempt Ambition's dang'rous heights.

To Art.

GENIUS of ART! when we ſurvey
Thy works, our minds with raptures glow;
The riſing and the ſetting day
Diſplay thy wonders here below.

Our boſoms own thy mighty pow'r,
Our inborn dignity we ſcan,
And feel, at ev'ry paſſing hour,
The native majeſty of man.

The lofty pyramids, that riſe,
And o'er the humble cottage frown,
The ſtately tow'rs that prop the ſkies,
Are monuments of thy renown.

Behold! the ſavage quits his bow,
Forſakes his wild, ferocious clan;
He feels the genial current flow,
And mellows into ſocial man.

Yon field of flax, which ſummer gales
Wave, as they ſweep along the plain,
Transform'd by Art to ſwelling ſails,
Shall bear our glory o'er the main.

Where drowſy min'rals, dark and drear,
Lay cover'd with the mountain heap,
Art's mighty Genius whiſpers, "Here
"COLUMBIA'S future thunders ſleep."

On the New Year.

THOU glorious orb! aſcending bright,
Shoot thy long, level'd lines of light;
The gloomy face of nature cheer,
And hail the NEW-BORN YEAR.

O! could the ſorrows of an aching heart,
With fierce Ambition, tyrant of the mind,
Like yonder fleeting year depart,
Nor leave a trace behind!

Father of Light! the dart reſtrain,
Thy fierce, deſtroying Angel flings;*
Give health her vermil courſe again,
And life to guſh from thouſand ſprings.

The infant, o'er his parent's grave,
Depreſs'd in anguiſh, bows the knee;
Without an human arm to ſave,
He lifts his little hands to thee.

Preſerve from harm the unprotected boy:
In ſorrow's deſert, plant the roſe of joy.

On Spring.

NOW the riſing ſun diſplays
A brighter round of golden rays;
The flitting Zephyr's dewy wing
Bruſhes the eyelids of the SPRING:
Forth, from her bow'r of calm repoſe,
She walks, and o'er the fields her mantle throws.

* *The Yellow Fever.*

Thy breath ſends forth a ſweet perfume,
That ſcents each tender flow'ret's bloom;
The downy bloſſoms on the ſpray
Thy fingers open to the day—
Give all their fragrance to the air,
And lay the roſe's bluſhing boſom bare.

No more ſhall Winter rule the plains,
With fierce north winds, and daſhing rains:
The ſnowy tempeſts of the ſky
Shall ceaſe in giddy whirls to fly.
Our hearts, O Spring! with rapture burn,
And "bluſhing pleaſure hymns" thy ſoft return.

The lark, up-ſpringing from the lawn,
With plumage ſpangled by the dawn,
The robin clear, the black-bird ſhrill,
And all the muſic of the hill,
Pour forth the vary'd chorus round,
And Echo, charm'd, repeats the joyful ſound.

O! for ſome rude, fantaſtic bow'r,
Inwove by many a fragrant flow'r,
Where I may view the meadows wide,
The humble vale, the mountain's pride,

Made vocal by the ſhepherd's lays,
Whoſe flocks attentive, liſt'ning, ceaſe to graze.

Let ſome rude ſtream meander by,
Now ſeen, now hidden from the eye,
In peaceful murmurs rippling flow,
And heav'n's refracted ſunbeams ſhow;
Till, check'd by ſome oppoſing force,
It breaks, and roars, tempeſtous in its courſe.

Such calm retirement would I chooſe,
Court no companion but the Muſe;
Ambition ſtill abroad might rule,
Receive the homage of the fool;
My happy hours ſhould glide away,
Reckleſs of what a cens'ring world might ſay.

To Cheerfulness.

NYMPH of the darkly-rolling eye!
Enrob'd in Fancy's tinctur'd veſt,
Forth from thy ſacred covert fly,
And take poſſeſſion of my breaſt.

The moon with tranquil luſtre burns;
Ambition lolls his radiant head
In ſlumbers, on his golden bed,
And dreams of conqueſts when the day returns.

Here let us join the nightly dance,
And ſport on yonder flow'ry lawn,
Beneath the ſoft moon's ſilver glance,
And ſhun the purple light of morn.

In midnight's ſolitary hours,
O Cheerfulneſs! thy charms beſtow;
Spread o'er our minds a vivid glow,
And breathe a fragrance o'er the fields and flow'rs.

Loſt to all glory, ſenſe and ſhame,
The miſer graſps his golden toys,
Spurns the rich honours of thy name,
And poiſons all his ſocial joys.

How ſoon his fairy proſpects fade!
See haggard Diſappointment ſtand!
Behold, he waves his ſable wand,
And clouds the proſpect with a gloomy ſhade.

The ſailor quits the realms of eaſe,
Forſakes, alas! thy peaceful reign,
He ploughs with joy the foaming ſeas;
But, lo! he ne'er returns again.

As round the howling billows rave,
Hark! how he ſhrieks with wild affright,
As dim he ſees the ghoſt of night,
Half viewleſs, gleaming through the ſeagreen wave.

Fair Goddeſs! to thy charms divine
Thy ſuppliant daily homage pays,
And lights thy conſecrated ſhrine,
With pure affection's hallow'd blaze.

Here let me ſoft contentment find,
And, far from all the din of courts,
Amidſt theſe lively, rural ſports,
Reap the rich harveſt of a virtuous mind.

The Pleasures of Fancy.

SWEETEST warbler of the ſpray,
Awhile ſuſpend your pleaſing lay;
Ye gales! your gentle breaths forbear,
And, huſh'd in ſilent, ſoft repoſe,
Attend awhile, and you ſhall hear
The pleaſure which the Hermit knows.

When the rich mantle of the morn
Begins with ſplendour to unfold,
I mark upon the bending thorn
The lively dew-drop, tipt with gold.
Forth from my cave, I view the light,
Rejoicing o'er the ſhades of night,
Then my fond thoughts with rapture roll,
In all the energy of ſoul.

But when the cheerful day is gone,
And darkſome night moves ſlowly on;
When, with a melancholy grace,
Pale Luna lifts her ſober face,
Then whiſpers ſoft ſome unknown pow'r,
'Tis Contemplation's fav'rite hour.

If chance the rainy torrent falls,
And patters on my cottage walls,
Secure I hear the tempeſt roar,
And howl for entrance at the door;
On the bright vernal bow I gaze,
Where mimic diamonds ſeem to blaze.

If from the north ſtern Winter blows
His driving cataract of ſnows,
In dark'ning ſtorms and tempeſts dreſt,
Then Pleaſure drops her cherub wing,
Reclines on April's dewy breaſt,
And waits the ſymphony of Spring.

When Summer comes, with glory crown'd,
Diſperſing light and grandeur round,
I ſeek the heav'n-aſpiring hill,
Or wander where the murm'ring rill
Rolls over fragrant beds of flow'rs,
And there I paſs the noon-tide hours.

Nor ſober Autumn comes in vain;
'Tis then I court the ſtudious train,
Or haunt the Muſes' ſacred grove,
Where oft my footſteps love to rove.

And when the trees ſtand dark and bare,
No cheerful muſic warbling there,
My breaſt with tender pity heaves;
I read my fate in falling leaves.

O Nature! all-ſufficient maid,
Give me, thy wond'rous works to ſcan;
Inſpire me with thy pow'rful aid,
And let me know myſelf a man.

To Florella.

CALM was the night, and gentle was the breeze,
The diſtant main was faintly heard to roar,
A deep, low murmur whiſper'd in the trees,
And the pale moon-beam ſlept along the ſhore.

'Twas Meditation's ſolitary hour,
Along the borders of a ſtream I ſtray'd;
I ſaw the Muſe, and felt her magic pow'r,
As with light ſteps ſhe preſt the verdant glade.

To thee, Florella, did my ſoul repair,
And view'd with joy that heav'n-illumin'd face,
Where bluſhes ſweet the artleſs mind declare,
Array'd in all the dignity of grace.

What ſtoic eye unmov'd can e'er behold
Thy ſimple locks, by artleſs Nature dreſt,
That turn in many a long and careleſs fold,
And roll luxuriant down thy ſnowy breaſt?

Need I deſcribe thoſe beauty-beaming eyes,
Where all the pow'rs of ſoft perſuaſion glow;
Which ſmile when pleaſure's airy phantoms riſe,
Or melt in pity at the tale of wo?

Early in life, thy guardian genius ſhed
Around thy form the rays of love refin'd,
She pour'd rich bleſſings on thy infant head,
And in thy boſom fix'd the feeling mind.

Beauty, alas! is but a tranſient flow'r,
In which no real happineſs is found;
It buds and blooms, and withers in an hour,
Then lies and fades neglected on the ground.

But the bright virtues that ſurround thy form
Shall take deep root, and long ſhall bloſſom here;
And when tranſplanted, ſhall ſurvive the ſtorm,
And bloom more glorious in a happier ſphere.

To the Morning Star.

RISE on the front of heav'n, thou brilliant Star!
Child of the Morn, with ev'ry beauty crown'd;
Look down, all-glorious, from thy ſplendid car,
And ſhoot thy beams like ſilver threads around.

Bright Orb! beneath thy calm, protecting light,
Oft have I ſought the heav'n-reflecting rill,
The lofty mountain, riſing in his might,
Or the ſwift torrent daſhing down the hill.

Then would the ſoaring lark triumphant riſe,
On ſome bright cloud to reſt his weary wing;
And, ere the morn's deep purple ting'd the ſkies,
With his wild notes would ſoothe the ear of Spring.

But Spring, with all her thouſand charms refin'd,
No ſteady ray of pleaſure can impart,
To eaſe the throbbings of an anxious mind,
When ſick deſpair ſits cold upon the heart.

Yet ever-waking Mem'ry ſtill purſues
Thoſe better days when Hope my hours beguil'd,
When, to my fancy's all-enraptur'd views,
Spring dawn'd more bright, as fair Florella ſmil'd.

But now that day-ſtar of my life has ſet,
And all my active energies are dead,
While that ſtern tyrant of my ſoul, Regret,
Winds the ſad willow round my drooping head.

Sweet Poeſy! in magic fiction dreſt,
No more I court thy charms; I break thy ſpell:
Thou dear conſoler of the human breaſt!
Receive my fond adieu, my laſt farewel.

To a young Lady who presented me with a Ring.

FRIENDSHIP! of Heav'n the deareſt favour,
Poor, unhappy mortals know,
Life itſelf, without thy flavour,
Gives us nought but dregs of wo.

When I ſee the morning bluſhes,
Rapture thrills through all my veins;
How the crimſon glory ruſhes
O'er the wide, ethereal plains!

Sweeter, Friendſhip, is thy paſſion;
O deſcend and dwell with me!
" Each fond wiſh and inclination
" Shall repoſe itſelf in thee."

Sweet to the melancholy rover
Is the ſtream and circling mill,
Seen from far o'er fields of clover:
Friendſhip! thou art ſweeter ſtill.

Monarch! on thy throne of ſplendour,
'Midſt thy jewels ſparkling round—
All that ſervile fear can render—
Is one pledge of friendſhip found?

Sunſhine friends I have an hoſt of;
But a real friend in ſtore:
All Peruvia cannot boaſt of
Diamonds that I value more.

Oh my fair! when griefs aſſail you,
And misfortune frowns ſevere,
Know, if aught it can avail you,
Friendſhip drops the penſive tear.

May guardian angels, ever near you,
Their ſky-tinctur'd wings diſplay;
And with heav'n's bright proſpect cheer you,
Point the path, and lead the way.

Crumb of Consolation to a Widowed Dove.

SWEET Poet of the verdant plains!
Why doſt thou ſeek a calm retreat,
When ſober melancholy reigns,
And tune thy penſive note ſo ſweet?

Has ſome rude boy, with hand unbleſt,
Sought the dear covert of the grove,
And rifled from thy little neſt
The darling pledges of thy love?

Or has ſome ſavage ſportſman's eyes
Drove from thy ſight thy lovely mate?
Ah! no; thy tender partner lies,
Lock'd in the iron ſleep of Fate.

Then, lovely bird, ceaſe not to grieve;
Seek the dark willow, dank with dew,
And there, from riſing morn till eve,
Your tender, plaintive ſong renew.

The ſtream, where once the lovers ſtray'd,
Down its pure margin gently flows,
And murmurs through the ſilver glade,
In ſoft reſponſes to thy woes.

The gales, that once tranſported bore,
On rapid wings, thy notes of love,
Thy cruel fate ſhall now deplore,
And ſorrow ſadden all the grove.

Yon ſturdy oak, thy fav'rite tree,
All gloomy to the ſight appears,
And, as a tribute due to thee,
Shakes from its leaves the trickling tears.

Thy form in glowing hues was dreſt,
But death has turn'd their luſtre pale;
The ſilver down that ſhades thy breaſt
Is ruffled by the paſſing gale.

Yet, lovely mourner, ceaſe thy cries,
Nor think thy cares unheeded flow;
One pearl is won from Beauty's eyes,
More precious than the diamonds glow.

Daphnis and Evelina.

WHEN Midnight ſtretches out her ſhade,
Like a broad curtain, o'er the ſkies,
Then will I go and view the glade
Where now my much-lov'd Daphnis lies.

Form'd with a mind above the pride
And tinſel ſplendour of the great,
He ventur'd not on Pleaſure's tide,
But ſought repoſe in humbler ſtate.

A lowly cottage he poſſeſs'd,
Contented there in peace to dwell;
The poor, the feeble and diſtreſs'd
Sought ſhelter in his humble cell.

White-handed Peace, and roſy Joy,
With brow untouch'd by pining care,
The paſſing trav'ler would decoy,
And give him hearty welcome there.

But Evelina, faireſt maid!
Would viſit oft that humble place,
In native innocence array'd;
Her mind unſpotted as her face.

Her winning form, her ſoft addreſs,
Kindled in Daphnis Love's pure flame;
He felt the pangs of ſweet diſtreſs,
And Evelina felt the ſame.

With mutual love their boſoms glow'd,
By no dark jealouſy defil'd;
And Hymen, from his roſy cloud,
Look'd on the lovely pair, and ſmil'd.

How ſweet was then the moonlight walk,
Or ſolemn intervening ſhade,
Where free and fearleſs they might talk,
And pledge thoſe vows which love had made!

Buſtling Ambition holds his reign
Amid the noiſe and ſtrife of day;
But Love, more tranquil, courts the plain,
Where moonbeams twinkle through the ſpray.

Moon-ſilver'd groves, in beauty dreſt,
Echo'd their vows, and none would hear,
Save the poor robin on her neſt,
That ſhook her little wings with fear.

Why do the flow'rs on Hymen's ſhrine,
That lately ſhed ſuch rich perfumes,
Now hang their ſickly heads, and pine,
Or ſtrew the earth with fallen blooms?

Alas! while Love, with ſportive airs,
Proclaims the hymeneal day,
For Daphnis, Daphnis, death prepares
The gloomy coffin and the clay.

Around thy melancholy tomb
The ſweeteſt flow'rs of ſpring ſhall blow,
And cover with their purple bloom
The ſacred ſod that lies below.

There hapleſs Evelina ſtands,
Her boſom throbs with pain ſevere;
Behold! ſhe wrings her feeble hands,
And dews the turf with many a tear.

Oft ſhall the ſilver ſtar of eve,
While mounting in the clear, blue ſky,
Pauſe o'er the ſpot, awhile to grieve,
And hide in clouds his twinkling eye.

Dear ſhade! accept theſe feeble lays,
That flow ſincerely from a friend,
Who knew thy worth in early days,
And now laments thy hapleſs end.

Ossian's Address to the Evening Star.

STAR of the pale deſcending night!
Thy beam on yonder weſt is bright;
Thou riſeſt on th' ethereal blue,
Thy ſteps are ſtately on the hill,
On yonder plain what doſt thou view?
The land—and ſtormy winds are ſtill.

The murm'ring of the torrent pours,
And billows climb the rocky ſhores;

The flies are on their feeble flight,
They mingle in their airy play :
But what doſt thou behold, fair Light ?
Thou ſmileſt, and depart'ſt away.
The waves with joy the burthen bear,
And bathe its lovely, flowing hair.

Lamentation of Armin for the loss of his Daughter.

Ossian.

ON the rock, where the dark waves ariſe,
My daughter was heard to complain ;
How frequent and loud were her cries !
She mourn'd for her father in vain.

I ſtood on the ſhore all the night ;
The pale moon roſe penſive and ſlow,
And brought her faint form to my ſight ;
I learn'd all her accents of wo.

The tempeſt howl'd over the plain,
The wind whiſtled loudly and ſhrill,
While the drops of the dark-falling rain
Beat hard on the ſide of the hill.

Ere the ſun ting'd the mountains with light,
The voice of my daughter was frail,
Like the ſlow, ſolemn breeze of the night,
That dies on the graſs of the vale.

Now in the cold duſt ſhe is laid,
And has left thee, O Armin! alone;
The ſtrength of mine arm is decay'd,
My pride amongſt women is gone.

When the ſtorms of the bleak mountain roar,
When the north lifts the blue wave on high,
I ſit on the ſea-beaten ſhore,
And the rock's fatal ſummit I ſpy.

The ghoſts of my children appear;
All pallid and mournful they ſeem;
They converſe with a ſigh and and a tear,
As they walk in the moon's ſetting beam.

I call, but they hear me no more;
O Carmor! how hard is my doom!
I am ſtripp'd of the honours I bore,
I wiſh the repoſe of the tomb.

To the fair Coquettes.

WHEN five-and-forty's rugged mien
Had fought the gentle CHLOE's face,
The marks of hoary age were ſeen,
Inſcriptions of departed grace.

In vain beneath the pencil glows
Created youth, and beauties riſe;
A juſter form her mirror ſhows;
Her faithful mirror never lies.

Anon, ſhe writes the haſty line,
To one who once ador'd her charms;
"Return, dear youth, of form divine,
"*Return* and bleſs my longing arms.

Wert thou, my Ormond, doom'd to pine,
A ſlave where ſome proud deſpot reigns,
Say, would it eaſe that heart of thine,
That thou wert bound in golden chains?

The diadem, Ambition's prize,
Oft glitters on the brow of Sin;
And though its luſtre charms the eyes,
Mark well what horrors dwell within!

When once we wander from the mind,
In ſearch of happineſs elſewhere,
We ſeek, 'tis true, but never find,
The bliſs that centres only there.

Some calm and elegant retreat,
Shaded by ſome romantic tree,
Where we may ſit in ſocial chat,
Is better far for you and me.

A Hint to Rhymers.

HARD is the Poetaſter's fate!
To early riſe, and ſit up late;
With elbows and with knees quite bare,
To weave a ſonnet for the fair.

CHORUS,

See the poet bite his pen,
Rhyme, and rhyme, and rhyme again.

The fair commands; who dares refuſe?
Once more the poet plies his muſe.
And when his ſtock of flatt'ry fails,
He bites invention from his nails.

See the poet bite his pen,
Rhyme, and rhyme, and rhyme again.

Poor Poet! vain the joy of thine,
Though ladies praiſe thy labour'd line,
Can praiſe o'er poverty prevail,
Or flatt'ry ſave thee from the gaol?

See the poet bite his pen,
Rhyme, and rhyme, and rhyme again.

Poets, like painters, muſt prepare
The dimpling ſmile, the flowing hair;
And ſpread ten thouſand charms to view,
Which female beauty never knew.

See the poet bite his pen,
Rhyme, and rhyme, and rhyme again.

Give me, great Gods! a rich ſurloin,
A bumper foaming o'er with wine;
But if ſuch bleſſings ye refuſe,
In pity ſave me from the Muſe.

See the poet bite his pen,
Rhyme, and rhyme, and rhyme again.

Ye Poets! once a brother hear:
"Stick the black pen behind the ear,"
And labour, barter, talk or fight,
In ſhort, do any thing but write.

See the poet bite his pen,
Rhyme, and rhyme, and rhyme again.

More ſolid bleſſings will be found
In one poor inch of real ground,
Than all the ſoil where poets tell
Apollo and the muſes dwell.

See the poet bite his pen,
Rhyme, and rhyme, and rhyme again.

An affecting Eclogue, in the Style of Gay, between Clodpole and Dobbin.

DOBBIN.

HEY, Cloddy! where ſo early in the morn?
See, ſcarce the dew-drop ſparkles on the thorn;
The cock has ſcarcely now begun his note,
But you are here, dreſt in your Sunday coat.

CLODDY.

Pray ſtop me not; to neighbour John's I ſteer,
To get, if poſſible, a mug of beer;
And then to ſiſter Bet, for her to make
Some gingerbread, to ſerve for marriage-cake.

DOBBIN.

Hah! who have you been courting? no one, ſure,
Would have a man ſo wretched and ſo poor;
Your very ſtockings, Clod, a motley pair,
Your great-grandfather oft to town did wear.

CLODDY.

Rail not at me: repreſs thoſe ſland'rous tones,
Or elſe this crab-ſtick ſhall aſſail your bones;
For know, my ſweeteſt Sue declar'd outright
That ſhe would have me 'fore to-morrow night.

DOBBIN.

Ah! well I know that fair-one,; oft would ſhe
Sit by the chimney-ſide and talk with me;
And there, reclining in the chair, would tell [ſell;
For how much ducks, for how much geeſe, would
How fat her hogs had grown, and, in a trice,
Could reckon what at market was their price.

But though your Sue will make a lovely mate,
Truſt me, ſhe is not equal to my Kate.

CLODDY.

Oft would my Sue ariſe at break of day,
And to the field ſkip merrily away;
There would we hoe the hills of corn along,
And cheer our labours with a mutual ſong;
And when we'd toil'd beneath the morning ſun,
A rouſing kiſs would tell our labour done.

DOBBIN.

My deareſt Kate, when laſt I made my hay,
Would help her Dobbin all the livelong day;
And when tir'd out, we left our rakes, and ſtaid
Full half an hour beneath the cheſnut ſhade:
She ſaid, (ſtill to her Dobbin ever true)
All labour's light, if I can work for you;
'Tis not long ſince, that two bird's-neſts I caught,
And to my Fair the handſome preſent brought;

The eggs were ſtrung, and, beautiful to view,
Hang on the looking-glaſs of lovely Sue.

CLODDY.

When neighbour Jerry had his huſking done,
Two ears of corn I found, that grew in one;
I gave the ears to Kate, and ſaid, Pray take
And keep them ſacred, for your Cloddy's ſake;
And thus, ſaid I, may we in marriage join!
Kate bluſh'd like fire, and ſaid, Your words are mine.

DOBBIN.

Ned's ſiſter Marg'ret, in her ſuit ſo brown,
Will ev'ry day ride Sorrel to the town:
But Suſan ſwears ſhe ne'er abroad will roam,
But, like her coſſet, always ſtay at home.

CLODDY.

Oft will my cattle ſweat beneath the yoke;
When tir'd with work, they'll loll their tongues and ſmoke.

But, Kate! your burthen is not half ſo tight;
Love's "yoke is eaſy, and his labour light."

DOBBIN.

Let towns-folk curl and powder up their hair,
And ſmell ſo ſweet with the perfumes they wear;
Let the town girls in ſilks and chintzes trail,
And, like our oxen, wear a length of tail;
With gauze and paſteboard let them load the crown,
And ſhew like haycocks tumbled upſide down;
My lovely Sue, in country neatneſs dreſt,
Will look to me more handſome than the beſt.

Poor William's Address.

ONCE more Poor William haſtens to addreſs
The friends of freedom, patrons of the preſs.
Permit a hapleſs object to implore
What charity can give; he aſks no more.

O'er my dark fate no happy Genius ſmil'd;
Misfortune claim'd me for her fav'rite child.
Born, all the woes of poverty to feel,
I wander wretched, taſte the ſcanty meal.
While feſtive pleaſure revels out the night,
And the gay heart ſtill flutters with delight;
While with loud mirth the ſocial halls reſound,
And ſong and dance and merry jeſt go round;
Some ſtill untaſted pleaſure to impart,
Some freſh enjoyment for the languid heart,
Surfeit with tranſport, yet ſtill craving more;
I brave the blaſt that whiſtles round the door.
Think then how hard for poverty to bear
The nipping ſharpneſs of the winter air!
Ye fair! whoſe ſweetneſs ev'ry charm endears,
Thro' whoſe mild orbs compaſſion pours her tears,
From you I crave what charity can give;
O! teach a ſon of ſorrow how to live.
To you, while journeying thro' this vale of tears,
May Heav'n, auſpicious, grant a length of years;

May calm contentment hail each riſing ray,
And pleaſure cloſe with ev'ry cloſing day;
And ne'er be doom'd to feel, in life's decline,
Thoſe woes of which ſo large a ſhare is mine.

A Ghost.

WHAT boding misfortune, my dear little child,
Makes your heart ſwell with anguiſh, your eyes overflow?
Perhaps I may baniſh thoſe tumults ſo wild;
If not, my fond heart ſhall reſpond to your wo.

Sure ſuch lovely innocence never could harm;
Or, if indiſcretion has led thee aſtray,
Such beauty celeſtial would prove as a charm,
To drive all the pow'r of reſentment away.

Ah! no, ſir: as late yonder manſion I paſs'd,
The ſcene was all gloomy, the night wind blew bold,
I heard the loud ſhriek of a Ghoſt in the blaſt,
That made my warm blood with amazement run
cold.

My heart ſunk within me, I ſhook with affright;
I flew from the place, and look'd anxiouſly round;
When the Ghoſt ſtood before me, all diſmally white,
Where yonder hoarſe ivy ſhakes over the ground.

Some night-wilder'd trav'ler was murder'd this way;
(So ancient tradition confirms the report)
His ſpectre ſtill viſits the moon's pallid ray,
And makes this the haunt of his gloomy reſort.

Oh! huſh all thoſe idle ſuſpicions, my dear!
They are viſions created by Fancy's deſign;
No ugly old ſpectre ſhall dare to appear,
And haunt ſo much beauty and virtue as thine.

Now while the full moon ſhines ſo clear in the ſky,
And the night winds no longer make tempeſt and rout,
Together, my fair one, our courage we'll try,
To wander theſe deſolate ruins about.

See here is the ivy, the ghoſt-haunted ſpot,
But where is the fellow that caus'd thy affright?
His late evening walk he has ſurely forgot,
Or perhaps does not riſe quite ſo early to-night.

If yonder white cat, who ſits wailing aloud,
And demands of thy charity only a bone,
Will do for a ghoſt, and her fur for a ſhroud,
The ſpirit is laid, and the charm is undone.

The critic may laugh, and the gentleman find
Ample cauſe, in this ſtory, to ſneer and to hiſs:
I appeal to the common good ſenſe of mankind,
If the world does not furniſh ſuch folly as this.

The tippler, who ſwills down his bumpers all day,
Is chang'd to a ſottiſh and overgrown dunce;
For fear that repentance is time thrown away,
Gives his character all to perdition at once.

The hero, who ſtrives to ennoble his name
By the ſlaughter and carnage of all human kind,
May think that he guides the proud chariot of fame,
While the poor little lacquey rides blinking behind.

The wo-begone lover, who trolls out the praiſe
Of the damſel coquettiſh, who ſlights all his pray'rs,
May ſow, and expect a fine produce to raiſe,
But will ſoon reap a plentiful harveſt of tares.

The poor poetaſter (O! how my brain reels!)
Thinks malice and envy known only by ſneers;
Still plods on, and rhymes on; poor culprit! he feels
No gift from Apollo, but Midas's ears.

All theſe are but Fancy's deluſions at moſt;
Deluſions which Prudence can ever ſubdue.
Each employment, each pleaſure, has always its Ghoſt;
Then ſhall not the girl in her turn laugh at you?

Lines written on being wakened in Sickness by a Serenade at the Window.

HENCE, feveriſh dreams! the progeny of care,
Nor with falſe terrors hover round my head;
Avaunt! ye griſly ſpectres of deſpair!
Nor dance with demon raptures round my bed.

No more the ſhriek of Innocence I hear;
Dark, ſilent-footed Murder drops his knife;
No more mine eyes ſurvey the blood-ſtain'd bier,
I wake once more to extacy and life.

A ſtrain melodious, exquiſitely ſoft,
On every ſenſe with thrilling rapture ſteals,
(Now ſinking low, now ſwelling loud, aloft)
Diſpels the horrors demon Fancy feels.

O, when this feveriſh dream of life is o'er,
May David's harp, to ſuch high raptures giv'n,
Wear out the pangs that dying nature bore,
And ſoothe my ſpirit in its flight to heav'n!

On seeing the Body of a dead Horse unburied.

YE who, with ſtupid falſehood, love to preach
Of man's perfection, and ſuch childiſh tales,
O huſh a moment—ſtop the idle ſpeech;
Let ſtubborn fact convince, when reaſon fails.

Oft have I ſeen this courſer ſpurn the rein,
Proud of the falſe applauſes of mankind;
Diſtend his cheſt, exalt his flowing mane,
And leave the lagging tempeſt far behind.

But now, unthought of, ſince his race is run,
(Such is the ſtate of virtue here below)
His bones are left to whiten in the ſun,
His fleſh to gorge the carrion-haunting crow.

Vaſt is the boſom of our mother earth;
Could thy poor remnants find no refuge there?
She gave alike to men and horſes birth,
And both alike are objects of her care.

Yes, to our ſhame and ſorrow be it ſaid,
The ſervile poet trolls the flatt'ring line;
The marbled monument hides many an head
Whoſe worth, poor courſer! never equall'd thine.

Why ſhould my penſive Muſe reluctant tell,
That thy poor wither'd bones unearth'd remain?
While the great hero who with glory fell
Still moulders diſregarded on the plain.

If no dark raven ever flutter'd round,
And with unhallow'd pounces tore the head,
Yet Scandal ſtill inflicts a *deeper* wound,
And revels on the glory of the dead.

Epitaph on an Indian.

HERE, in the gloomy regions of the dead,
The child of ſorrow reſts his humble head;
No learning taught his rugged ſoul to riſe,
And bound his broad reſearches by the ſkies.
But ſimple Nature form'd her artleſs child,
And touch'd his boſom with affections mild.
Pure as his native ſtream his thoughts would flow;
He felt, and he reliev'd, a brother's wo.
From heav'n no beams of chriſtian glory ſhin'd,
To break the native darkneſs of his mind;
On the drear mountain's deſolate abode
He hop'd, in death, to meet his humble God:
Where, free from ambuſh, free from ev'ry fear,
The ſhades of men might chaſe the ſhades of deer;
Where 'midſt their tribes the ſound of war ſhould ceaſe,
And all ſhould ſmoke the calumet of peace.

Oh, bluſh, thou Chriſtian! while a Savage lives
In the calm light his native conſcience gives,
Steadfaſt purſues his duty to the end,
And meets his God as man would meet a friend;
Whilſt you, amidſt the blaze of chriſtian light,
Where ev'ry duty glares on ev'ry ſight,
Still from the ſacred paths of virtue ſtray,
And turn your viſage from the goſpel ray.

Epitaph for the Grave-Stone of a near and much-respected Relation.

WHILE cold and ſpeechleſs lies that lifeleſs form,
Which once was with each godlike virtue warm,
Which for the poor and needy wrought relief,
And loſt its ſuff'rings in another's grief;
Applauding Seraphs hail thy happier ſhade
To brighter realms, where no rude ſtorms invade.

Epitaph on a Sailor who died at Sea, and who had a Grave-Stone inscribed to his Memory.

ON a far diſtant ſhore his body lies,
Where no parental hand can cloſe his eyes;
But, trav'ler! while you walk this grave around,
And view the ſculptur'd ſtone, and riſing mound,
Let the ſoft ſigh of ſorrow languiſh here,
And Pity's eyelids flow with grief ſincere.

On the death of my much-respected Friend, Mr. Samuel Danforth, of Providence.

LET no intruding footſteps wander near
Where Friendſhip ſtops to ſhed the ſilent tear.
To mourn thy loſs, O DANFORTH! I invoke
No clam'rous Raven from the blaſted oak.

Such Flattery may write, and ſuch applaud;
But Friendſhip touches on a finer chord.
The ſolemn grove, the heart-congenial ſhade,
More ſuits my ſoul than Fancy's vain parade.
I ſeek the man whoſe worth my heart reveres,
I find him only in Affection's tears.
In the gay morn of life, in virtue's bloom,
He fell a victim to the fatal tomb.
Hearts, like the funeral marble, hard and cold,
To future ages have their virtues told;
Riches the lie to diſtant times may give,
And ſervile Flatt'ry bid their glories live.
But thy dear name ſhall have no meaner part,
Fix'd in the core of Friendſhip's bleeding heart.

When theſe poor limbs ſhall lie outſtretch'd and cold,
And join in wedlock with their cov'ring mould,
May thy kind angel ſtand at Mercy's door,
And teach my infant ſpirit where to ſoar.

Epitaph to the Memory of a dear departed Brother.

DEPARTED friend! why ſhould I mourn,
And tread dark Melancholy's plains?
Why ſhould I dew with tears the urn
That now preſerves thy dear remains?

Tho' cold, beneath the dampy ſod,
Thy limbs in peaceful ſlumber lie,
Thy ſpirit ſeeks a gracious God,
And flits its paſſage through the ſky.

What joy muſt heave that breaſt of thine,
To quit this jarring, earthly ſphere,
When the full chorus, all divine,
Breaks in loud rapture on the ear!

I mark the day's impetuous flight;
Behind the mountain ſinks the ſun,
While fluſhes of departed light
In ling'ring ſtreams of glory run.

'Tis thus, dear friend! thy ſplendour ſhews;
Here aching Friendſhip ſeeks relief,
In Mem'ry's ſoft, reflected hues,
That ſkirt th' horizon of my grief.

The ſon of poverty, forlorn,
Oft bows his knees, both bare and old,
To haughty greatneſs; meets with ſcorn,
And ſhivers in the winter cold.

When from thy hoſpitable door
The wand'ring pilgrim e'er would go,
A glimpſe of joy, unknown before,
Would ſparkle in the eye of Wo.

When the fierce fever's burning pains
Had ſcorch'd the wretch on mis'ry's bed,
When tortures tore his ſickly veins,
And throbs convulſive rack'd his head;

To him thy kind relief was giv'n,
If human pow'r could ſet him free;
If not, his ſighs and groans to Heav'n
Were mingled with a pray'r for thee.

Why ſhould my plaintive numbers flow?
All muſt obey the dread beheſt:
Here muſt the ſons of joy and wo
Alike recline their heads to reſt.

When the cold clay and chilling ſod
Shall preſs theſe weary, aching eyes,
O may I give my ſoul to God,
And like thy glorious ſpirit riſe!

To a Ring-Dove: in Imitation of Dr. Beattie's Song of the Hermit.

AH! why, lovely Mourner! that muſical fall,
That accent, that ſpeaks a diſconſolate mind?
Does ſome hidden tumult thy boſom appal,
That leaves the ſad ſting of reflection behind?

The cauſe of thy ſorrow full well I diſcern;
The ſeaſons of beauty and pleaſure are paſt:
Yet ſilence, dear mourner! they ſoon ſhall return,
And nature with beauties be freſh overcaſt.

Though now dreary winter howls over the plain,
Though the brooks ceaſe to murmur, the vallies to ſing,
Yet earth ſhall be cloth'd in her fragrance again,
And creation revive, in the ſplendour of Spring.

Ye woodlands, that lately were ſilver'd by flow'rs,
My mind into rapture was kindled by you;
Now Fancy impatiently waits for the hours
When Spring's fairy pencil your charms ſhall renew.

How chang'd in a moment the ſurface of things!
The woodlands and gardens are cover'd with ſnows:
Soon Zephyr ſhall flutter your leaves with his wings,
And bathe his light limbs in the dews of the roſe.

E'en now, deareſt warbler! my fancy can ſee
The ſeaſon of bliſs in futurity roll;
The far-ſpreading verdure, the white-blooming tree;
And the ſunſhine of extacy burſts on my ſoul.

Then, lovely complainer! forbear thy ſoft lays,
Nor grieve for thoſe bleſſings which Spring ſhall reſtore;
But mourn for the current of man's fleeting days,
That ſeaſon which flies, and reviſits no more.

To a Friend who was about to embark for a Foreign Country.

MY Friend, my ſoul's far better part!
Muſt I no more converſe with you?
Ah! no; the pang that rends my heart
Proclaims the diſmal tidings true.

Methinks, ev'n now, I ſee thee ſtand,
Gazing with retroſpective eye,
Where the blue billow laves the land,
And pouring Friendſhip's ſacred ſigh.

I ſee the ſhip, with ſpreading ſail,
And pendant ſtreaming idly gay,
Waiting the firſt propitious gale,
To bear my heart's beſt hope away.

O'er Georgia's melancholy downs,
Where peſtilential vapours meet,
And the hot ſun malignant frowns,
I trace thy ſlowly-wand'ring feet.

Oh! let this hour of parting run
Aſide from all unhallow'd mirth;
Retire awhile to think of one
Who felt and who rever'd thy worth.

Or, if thy feſtive friends around
Preſs thee thy glaſs once more to fill,
Let this deſponding hour be found
The ſacrament of Friendſhip ſtill.

And when thy lips ſhall preſs the edge,
Let no laſcivious toaſt decoy,
But give, ('tis ſacred Friendſhip's pledge)
The mem'ry of departed joy.

Ode to Childhood.

O CHILDHOOD! how ſweet is thy day,
Thy paſtime how pleaſant and fair!
Beyond thee, whatever men ſay,
I ſee nought but ſorrow and care.

For Childhood will often amuſe
With proſpects no ſeaſon can bring:
The infant, who ſports in the dews,
Believes all his life-time a ſpring.

Though petty misfortune may frown
Awhile on the head of the boy,
The tear, that rolls gracefully down,
Is chas'd by the ſmile of his joy.

Proud Manhood! though wider thy range,
Thou, for pleaſure which Fancy beſtows,
Canſt only obtain, in exchange,
The heart-ſinking preſſure of woes.

Falſe viſions of tranſport! away!
Your preſence no more I can bear:
My ſoul, when it pants for the day,
Still peeps through the bars of my care.

In manhood, Ambition will rule,
The heart's tranquil moments devour;
Wind her rays round the head of the fool,
Or give him the ſceptre of pow'r.

Round his treaſure pale Avarice walks,
And anxiouſly guards it alone;
Each finer enjoyment he baulks,
And turns the warm heart to a ſtone.

Omnipotent Love may bequeath
Beauty's flow'r, that enraptures the eyes;
But ſhrink, lovely youth! for beneath,
The ſerpent of Jealouſy lies.

Falſe Friendſhip diſplays all her charms,
And, ſiren-like, lulls thee to reſt;
But ſtill, in the graſp of her arms,
Her dagger is felt at the breaſt.

This world is all ſorrow and ſtrife;
And he, who ſhould vainly preſume
To retire from the troubles of life,
Muſt ſeek his repoſe in the tomb.

Nor would I preſumptuous complain:
The Father of Mercy and Love
Has doom'd us to ſorrow and pain,
But to wean us for bleſſings above.

Ode to Health.

DIVINE HYGEIA! lift thy wing;
Forſake awhile thy downy bed;
Come in the fragrance of the ſpring,
And ſcatter roſes round my head.
Or, if thou ſeek'ſt the mountain's breezy height,
Or tread'ſt with fairy feet the ſpangled lawn,
Catching with anxious eye the beams of light,
That fire the ruddy cheeks of early dawn;
O come, thy ſacred charms around diffuſe;
Bathe my hot temples with thy cooling dews.

Or if, in thy immortal bow'r,
Thou ſhun'ſt th' obtruſive blaze of day,
Guarding from harm the tender flow'r,
Fann'd by the genial breath of May;

Or if thou windeſt down the mazy dance,
With all the nymphs and dryads of the wood,
In groves impervious to the ſolar glance,
Or bath'ſt thy lucid limbs in yonder flood;
Attend, fair Goddeſs! lull me to repoſe,
And pour a ſweet oblivion on my woes.

Fair Nymph! in thy reſplendent train
No gloomy thoughts and cares appear:
The captive joyful ſhakes his chain,
And ſmiles content when thou art near;
Poſſeſs'd of thee, forgets awhile his home,
The lov'd companion of his youthful mirth,
The ſpot where once his footſteps lov'd to roam,
His children, prattling round his ſocial hearth.
Thy pow'r, Hygeia, ſoothes his tortur'd breaſt,
And rocks his ſtormy paſſions into reſt.

Beneath the yew-tree's death-like ſhade,
Ah! who can conſolation find?
There oft my weary limbs are laid;
I ſhrink at every paſſing wind.
There will the tainted breath, by ſickneſs blown,
Heave through the graſs an intermittent ſigh,

And ſeem to ſay, O man! thy joys are flown;
Child of the moment! thou ſhalt ſhortly die.
Give me, fair Nymph! awhile to ſhun my doom—
A ſhort, ſhort reſpite from the fatal tomb.

Few are the pleaſures of mankind:
Corroding cares, in grim array,
Glare fierce and gloomy on the mind,
And drive the trembling joys away.
The pale conſumption's ſlow and patient courſe
With our weak nature holds inceſſant ſtrife,
But the fierce fever's more impetuous force
Flies through the veins, and faſtens on the life.
Unhappy man! where'er your eyes you turn,
You look for pleaſure—ſtill you find an urn.

Hygeia! thou canſt charm awhile,
From Sorrow wipe the burning tear;
Pale Anguiſh, with a faded ſmile,
Beholds thy fairy footſteps near.
Come, then, propitious to my ſuppliant cries;
Let me behold thy buſkins gem'd with dews;
Bring with thee vernal airs and cloudleſs ſkies,
And, laſt of all, the long-forſaken Muſe.

Then ſhall my ſimple pipe, and merry lay,
Once more reſound, and ſoothe my weary day.

Ode to Sleep.

GRIEF and care awhile ſuſpended,
Now I ſeek my downy bed;
And, by midnight ſhades befriended,
Calm content ſhall wrap my head.

Man! though thouſand fears alarm you,
Though Misfortune ſcowls unbleſt,
No dark terrors here ſhall harm you;
Lovely is the bed of reſt.

Bleſſings to the God of Heaven,
That a time is ſet apart,
When a ſweet repoſe is given
To the tortures of the heart.

Sailors, on the troubled ocean,
By rude billows rock'd to ſleep,
Loſt in pleaſure's ſweet emotion,
Think of home, and ceaſe to weep.

Loveſick ſhepherds! doom'd to languiſh,
Give your fond complainings o'er;
Sleep, in pity to your anguiſh,
Shall your abſent fair reſtore.

Kings and beggars, here repoſing,
Loſe awhile their cares and pain;
Till the morn, her face diſcloſing,
Wake their eyes and cares again.

Round the beggar, Fancy, flutter!
Scatter round thy fairy ſchemes:
Let no cruel demon mutter,
All his joys are empty dreams.

Let ideal diamonds twinkle
On the beggar's wretched head;
Roſy joy, without a wrinkle,
Smile ſerenely round his bed.

Monarch! with thy hoards of treaſure,
And ye, mighty princes! ſay,
Who enjoys more real pleaſure,
Kings by night, or kings by day?

Exile! whereſoe'er you wander,
By the lonely ſtream or hill,
Ceaſe on preſent woes to ponder;
You ſhall find enjoyment ſtill.

Nightly to your home returning,
Then, poor exile! you ſhall ſee
The dear babes, with rapture burning,
Prattle on their parent's knee.

Now your long-lov'd wife enfolds you;
While the tear-drop dews her cheek;
Still ſhe weeps, and ſtill ſhe holds you;
Ecſtacy forbids to ſpeak.

Guilt alone, with horror ſhaking,
Haunts the peaceful bow'rs of ſleep;
Whether ſleeping or awaking,
Still the wretch is doom'd to weep.

In gay youth, or age grown hoary,
May my ſoul depart in bliſs;
Sleep in peace, and wake to glory,
In a better world than this!

Lines to the Memory of that excellent English Poet, Cowper.

A MUSE who never bow'd the knee
To haughty Greatneſs, Wealth or Pow'r,
Preſents with trembling hands to thee
The tribute of a fading flow'r.

Not ſo the garland Heav'n beſtows,
Wove by the hallow'd hands of Fame;
The wreath celeſtial flow'rs compoſe
Shall bloom perennial round thy name.

Thy voice proclaim'd to guilty men,
Repentance ſhall a pardon find;
While truth, reſplendent, from thy pen,
Flaſh'd terrors on the atheiſt mind.

Religion penſively ſhall turn,
With ſorrow ſtreaming from her eyes,
And, pointing to thy hallow'd urn,
Exclaim, "Tis there my champion lies."

The ſweet reward that waits the juſt,
The praiſe of ever doing well,
Shall pour a radiance round thy buſt,
And Time's oblivious touch repel.

Lines addressed to a Lady who shed Tears at reading a Novel entitled "Clarissa."

AH! ceaſe, my fair-one! ceaſe that tear;
The volume of misfortune cloſe:
That lucid pearl is much too dear
To barter for ideal woes.

Truſt me, Clariſſa never knew
The ſorrows which thoſe eyes deplore;
And, if ſhe did, would fly to you,
And in your pity feel no more.

Think of the poor, diſabled wretch
Who has not where to lay his head;
No ſupplicating arms to ſtretch,
And beg of thee his daily bread.

Think what the ſailor's heart appals,
Doom'd o'er tempeſtuous ſeas to roam;
When Death proclaims, in furious ſqualls,
Prepare to die—thy time is come.

Think of the dungeon captive's fate,
Who, doom'd to pine his life away,
Glares dark and hopeleſs through his grate,
And peeps at liberty and day.

Think what the widow's ſoul endures,
When want invades her humble ſhed;
Who, with a tender heart like yours,
Mourns for a much-lov'd huſband dead.

Theſe are not woes which Fiction draws,
Which make thoſe ſhining eyes o'erflow;
But ſuch as God's eternal laws
Have doom'd unhappy man to know.

When thou, dear maid! canſt not relieve,
Let Pity heave the tender ſigh;
Then ceaſe for *fancy'd* woes to grieve,
And throw the trifling novel by.

William and Mary: a Ballad.

IT was a ſtormy winter night,
The wind and ſnow tempeſtuous beat;
No diſtant cottage ſhed a light,
To guide the trav'ler's doubtful feet:

When MARY, in her ſhed reclin'd,
By boding apprehenſions torn,
Heard the loud ſhriek of ev'ry wind,
And ſigh'd for WILLIAM's quick return.

Hark! 'twas a footſtep at the door!
Fond expectation ſtops the tear;
Alas! 'twas but the tempeſt's roar,
For Mary ſees no William near.

Now the laſt ſhrub has fed the fires,
And now the mould'ring embers ſleep;
Poor Mary to her couch retires,
Until the morn's return, to weep.

Huſh thee! huſh thee! my lovely child;
Fear not the fury of the ſtorm;
For, tho' the tempeſt roars ſo wild,
My boſom ſhall preſerve thee warm.

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That innocence, that cherub air,
Shall plead before th' Almighty's throne;
Propitious Heav'n ſhall hear the pray'r,
And ſave a father to my ſon.

Alas! that ſigh! what diſmal ſound!
Methought I heard my huſband near;
No, 'twas the wind, that, whiſtling round,
Sinks my poor throbbing heart with fear.

Her tender frame could bear no more,
Exhauſted Mary ſinks to reſt:
Now Fancy labours to reſtore
Contentment to her troubled breaſt.

Dreſt in the robes of roſy light,
Such robes as pureſt angels wear,
She ſaw the form of William, bright
And glorious, hov'ring in the air.

Around his head a wreath was worn,
Compos'd of heav'n's unfading blooms,
Dipp'd in the ſplendours of the morn,
That ſhed a ſhow'r of ſweet perfumes.

Yet ſtill a melancholy grace,
Whene'er he caſt his eyes below,
O'erſpread the radiance of his face;
Celeſtial tears were ſeen to flow.

He led her to ambroſial bow'rs,
Hung with the ſweeteſt blooms of ſpring,
Where, 'midſt the fragrance of the flow'rs,
An angel's voice was heard to ſing.

Far as her mortal eye could ken,
She ſaw, entranc'd in ſweet amaze,
The ſpirits of the righteous men,
Tuning their harps to ſongs of praiſe.

And ſuch, ſaid William, is thy lot,
When the ſhort ſcene of life is o'er;
Then, lovely Mary! ſorrow not,
For one, and but one, trial more.

Thrice did her arms impaſſion'd claſp
The dear delufion, thrice it broke,
And mildly ſhrunk from ev'ry graſp,
While, warm with rapture, Mary woke.

And Mary now, with heart at eaſe,
Too fondly dreams her ſuff'ring's o'er;
She flies to greet, but, Oh! ſhe ſees
Her William frozen at the door.

Oh! gracious Father! hear her pray'r,
The feeble bars of life remove,
And let this fond and faithful pair
Find reſt from all their woes above.

Watch o'er the infant's helpleſs days;
'Tis thou who'hear'ſt the raven's cry;
And ſurely, when a mother prays,
Thy pow'rful aid is ever nigh.

Lines written on hearing a Man attempt to prove that there was no God.

TELL me, proud diſputant! why
Thy heart muſt give thy tongue the lie?
Say, when you contemplate the tomb,
And think of judgment, ſoon to come,

Does not remorſe your boſom fill?
Do not your veins with horror chill?
Do you not tremble with amaze,
And pant for longer, longer days?
Sigh at the ſetting of the ſun,
And fear thy race of life is run?
Theſe ſecret thoughts, theſe horrid ſtings,
Are but the proofs which conſcience brings,
To ſhew there is a God, to you,
Of juſtice and of judgment too.

Lines written on ſeeing a Grave without a Stone.

ALAS! no ſcutcheon'd marble here diſplays,
In long-drawn eulogies, thy name and worth;
Such ſervile homage Adulation pays,
To a poor, mould'ring clod of common earth.

The pompous eulogy, emblazon'd high,
With all the glare that Flatt'ry can beſtow,
In ſplendid falſehood ſtrikes the trav'ler's eye,
And makes the filly tear of pity flow.

The ſculptor's chiſel, and the poet's pen,
To late poſterity have often told
Of deeds of matchleſs virtue, done by men
Whoſe very mem'ries make the blood run cold.

Oft from mine eyes do tears indignant ſtart,
When ſuch deteſted flatteries they ſcan;
Oft does reſentment heave my ſwelling heart;
I mourn the ſad depravity of man.

The yellow cowſlip, and the vi'let blue,
The pallid daiſy, growing by thy ſide,
Are all, poor peaſant! that remain to you;
But Nature gives what haughty man deny'd.

Sweet, ſimple trophies! and to me more dear
Than all the arrogance of letter'd lore:
Receive the tribute of a parting tear,
Warm from my heart; a bard can give no more.

Written during a Snow-Storm.

NOW o'er the world reigns horrible Deſpair,
And Winter, rob'd in clouds, tremendous roars;

Rides in the whirlwind thro' the turbid air,
And drives the fleet tempeſtuous at the doors.

Daughter of mis'ry! in this dreadful ſtorm,
What poor relief can ſympathy impart?
O could the tender tear of pity warm
The life-blood freezing round thy drooping heart!

On beds of down thou once could'ſt find repoſe,
And balmy ſlumbers clos'd thy joy-bright eyes;
But now thy pillow is the drifted ſnows,
Thine only cov'ring the cold winter ſkies.

E'en now, alas! in thy parental fold,
Dearer than life, thy infant is compreſs'd;
Thro' ev'ry vein he feels the curdling cold,
And clings for ſuccour to thy frozen breaſt.

Ye cold and cruel hearts, who never felt
Of free benevolence the rapt'rous glow;
O, could my Muſe's fire your boſoms melt,
And make the ſtreams of ſweet compaſſion flow!

From you, while ſlumb'ring on your beds of down,
No tear of tranſient pity ever ſtole:
Ev'n cruel Winter, with his rugged frown,
Shoots not ſuch thrilling horror to the ſoul.

Parent of Nature! whoſe almighty voice
Can huſh the ragings of the troubled ſea,
Whoſe ſmiles make Nature's drooping heart rejoice;
The wretched ſoul for ſuccour flies to thee.

Before thy throne the trembling ſoul appears,
Anxious and ſhiv'ring at thine awful nod;
And Mercy's Angel, with celeſtial tears,
Pleads for the mild compaſſion of a God.

Thou know'ſt what pangs the wretched muſt endure,
By cruel man's precarious bounty fed;
Once on the earth thou wand'redſt meek and poor,
And found'ſt no ſhelter for thy ſacred head.

When cruel man bears an imperial ſway,
May thy kind pow'r the tyrant's rage controul,
And, like the breath of roſy-footed May,
Waft conſolation to the wretch's ſoul.

Bright is the many-colour'd arch of ſpring;
On the dark clouds expanding, clear and warm;
The ſtrong reflection of an angel's wing,
That flies from heav'n to ſtill the troubled ſtorm.

Sweet is the wild-flow'r of the deſert glen,
That lonely flow'r, by ſimple Nature fed;
Beneath the covert of the gloomy fen,
It ſwells and bluſhes from its moſſy bed.

Sweet to the poet's eye is early dawn;
Far o'er the heav'ns the kindling glories fly,
As the proud regent of the riſing morn
Pours floods of radiance from his golden eye.

Yet not ſo bright is ſpring's expanding bow,
Nor yet ſo ſweet is Nature's lovely flow'r,
Nor the rich fervours of the morning's glow,
As, pure Benevolence! thy ſacred pow'r.

When heav'ns laſt angel, ſoaring in the ſkies,
Sings hallelujahs o'er the world on fire,
Thy glorious form, Benevolence! ſhall riſe,
And to the boſom of thy God aſpire.

Written in the Night-time.

WHILE the loud brawl, and vulgar wit,
Night's dark and ſolemn concave rend,
Here by my taper let me ſit,
And mourn the death of many a friend.

Beneath yon oak's myſterious ſhade,
What ſchemes our infant fancies drew,
While ſtretch'd at leiſure we ſurvey'd
The wild-flow'rs, tipt with morning dew!

We mark'd the buſy, humming bee,
While journeying on from flow'r to flow'r;
The lovely warbler on the tree
Would ſweetly ſoothe the noon-tide hour.

When ſummer's ſultry breezes blew,
We'd ſeek ſome river's winding flow,
And ſhudder, as we plung'd, to view
The broad expanſe of heav'n below.

Let man, with proud, aſpiring mind,
Reject thoſe trifles childhood knew;
Full ſoon, unhappy! he will find,
All worldly joys are trifles too.

Now ſolemn tolls the midnight bell,
And ſtartles ſleep's dull, drowſy eye;
In hollow ſounds it ſeems to tell
The hour of my departure nigh.

Each quiet paſſion of the breaſt,
That ſhunn'd the glaring orb of day,
Now riſes from the bed of reſt,
To court the pale moon's penſive ray.

While night thus hovers, dark and damp,
Oh! heav'nly Contemplation, deign
To leave thy ever-burning lamp,
And lead me to thy ſacred fane.

Perhaps the ſhade of ſome dear friend,
Whoſe death I mourn'd with many a ſigh,
From realms of glory may deſcend,
And ſtand a guardian angel by.

Long as the mem'ry holds a ſeat
In this poor, weak, diſtracted frame,
Long as my vital pulſes beat,
Oh, WARREN!* I'll revere thy name.

* *Mr. Samuel Warren of Providence.*

Once more I ſeem, in grief profound,
To tread the church-yard's gloomy glade,
To mark the ſtone and riſing mound
Where now thy dear remains are laid.

Mem'ry! thy melancholy eye
Paſt hours of friendſhip brighten on,
Like thoſe fair clouds that deck the ſky,
And glitter, when the ſun is gone.

The ſong, and ſentiment, and glee,
That echo'd through the ſocial room,
Ah! little did I think, would be
Chang'd to the tones of grief and gloom.

Father of Light! before thy throne
I tremble, while I pour my pray'r:
Look, gracious God! in mercy down,
O! teach me how my griefs to bear.

When waves of grief and trouble roll,
And on my head tempeſtuous beat,
Then may my poor, afflicted ſoul
Find ſhelter in thy mercy ſeat.

While Midnight, melancholy pow'r,
Broods o'er the world with raven wings,
Teach my fond ſoul from earth to tow'r,
And muſe awhile on heav'nly things.

Though the poor heart with grief repines,
Though all the pow'rs of nature bend,
Thy mercy in thy juſtice ſhines;
In thee the friendleſs find a friend.

Then ceaſe, my ſoul, to flag and droop,
Beneath a father's chaſt'ning rod;
The man who ſorrows without hope
Arraigns the juſtice of his God.

A Night Scene.

HERE on this ſolitary beach
I muſe; 'tis Contemplation's ſeat:
The wide, tumultuous billows ſtretch
Their harmleſs currents at my feet.

Juſt o'er the brow of yondet hill,
With venerable miſts ſo gray,
The full moon riſes, calm and ſtill,
And ſcatters round a penſive day.

Far as the eye can travel round,
Mountains appear, a ſtately chain,
Whoſe tops, with lunar radiance crown'd,
Project their ſhadows o'er the main.

The hollow ſound of footſteps, heard
As ſlow I paſs along the ſhore,
Alarms the ſleeping water-bird;
She ſtarts, and flutters far before.

A few light clouds ſucceſſive chaſe
The pale moon, trav'ling up the ſky;
Reluctantly ſhe dips her face,
And lays her tranquil radiance by.

As anxiouſly around I turn,
And wait the moon's emerging ray,
Innoxious fire-flies round me burn,
Obſequious, to direct my way.

Diffuſe the momentary glow;
Give all the light that ye can give:
From fire-flies haughty kings might know
How ſhort all human glories live.

Ye who in feſtive revels paſs,
Awhile with your own hearts commune;
Oh! leave the yet unfiniſh'd glaſs,
And walk beneath the tranquil moon.

Reflect on how much time is ſpent
Amidſt the giddy and the gay:
You ſeek for joy, and diſcontent
Is ſtill companion of your way.

Though now you revel out the night
In idle and laſcivious talk,
When the poor ſoul ſhall take its flight,
You'll envy me this ev'ning walk.

The Pleasures of Literature:

A Poem, delivered on the Anniverſary of the "Federal Adelphi," at the Baptiſt Meeting-Houſe in Providence, on the 3d day of September, 1801.

WHILE fierce Ambition reigns without control,
Strains ev'ry nerve, and harrows all the ſoul,
On modeſt worth and virtue caſts a frown,
Exalts the beggar, tears the monarch down,
Each ſacred rule, that, ſince the world began,
Has bound congenial man to fellow man,
Breaks down and tramples with reſiſtleſs force,
All danger braves, and ruin marks her courſe;
While Truth, while Genius, tremble with amaze,
Retire to deſerts, ſigh for *happier* days;
O tell me where—ſome guardian angel tell—
Amongſt this chaos, where ſhall Science dwell?

While, 'midſt the jangle of inceſſant ſtrife,
That forms the common intercourſe of life,

Fraud's dang'rous ſnares, and Plunder's prowling paw,
Are cheriſh'd, guarded, not reſtrain'd, by law;
While giant Wealth, preſumptuous, dares to tread,
And cruſh the poor man in his humble ſhed;
While ſighs and tears, and unavailing grief,
Are drooping Mis'ry's poor but ſole relief;
O tell me where—ſome guardian angel tell—
Amidſt this chaos, where ſhall Science dwell?

While rude Licentiouſneſs unbounded reigns
Amongſt mankind, and Heav'n's own altar ſtains,
Treads boldly now where pure Religion trod,
Trolls the laſcivious ſong, blaſphemes the God;
While David's harp is on the willows hung,
And bears the venom ſpit from Scandal's tongue;
O tell me where—ſome guardian angel tell—
Amidſt this chaos, where ſhall Science dwell?

There are, there are, amidſt this turbid ſcene,
Some favour'd ſpots yet tranquil and ſerene,

Sacred to Science, where the Muſes ſtill
May wander ſafe, and quaff th' Aonian rill.
The eye, condemn'd this gloomy waſte to roam,
With pleaſure finds a ſcientific dome,
Where the young mind, as yet unform'd, may dwell,
Woo Contemplation from her deepeſt cell,
Dive the receſſes of the "vaſty deep,"
And ſee what wonders in old ocean ſleep;
Or, with the fervid comet's rapid glance,
Range thro', or bound, creation's vaſt expanſe;
Or, more advent'rous, ſearch the gloomy plain
Where ſuns and ſtars unkindled yet remain,
Waiting th' almighty word, with awe profound,
To riſe and glare amongſt the ruin round.
Here too the mind, from this aërial tour,
May drop and light upon the humbleſt flow'r,
And ſee the ſame almighty pow'r diſplay'd
In the ſoft touches of the violet ſhade,
The ſame all-pow'rful pencil paint the roſe,
That pours the radiance of the morning glows;

The ſame all-ſeeing, all-pervading Soul
Create, ſuſtain and vivify the whole.

Delirium ſweet! ev'n at this diſtant hour
I feel thy magic, and confeſs thy pow'r;
To ſcience ſtill my raviſh'd ſoul aſpires,
And burns, I truſt, with never-dying fires.
From the dark ſhadows of affliction's night,
Return, ye viſions, to my raviſh'd ſight;
Give me, at leaſt in recollection, ſtill
Once more to wander yonder dew-bright hill.
What time the moon, aſcending calm and bright,
O'er the dim hill-top wheel'd her orb of light,
When at a diſtance ev'ry twinkling ſtar
Shone with ſcant radiance round the lunar car;
'Twas then thy light, O Meditation! ſtole,
And ſhone with ſober radiance, on my ſoul.
Give back that hour when morn, in glory ſtrong,
Roſe from the deep, and blaz'd the heav'ns along,
And ſaw my trembling taper, faint and pale,
Shed its laſt glimmer on ſome claſſic tale.

O may theſe dear enchantments round me riſe,
And place all heav'n before my raviſh'd eyes,
Teach me compoſure in affliction's gloom,
To ſmile at fate, and triumph at the tomb!

Say, ſon of Science, would'ſt thou barter now
Thy knowledge for a monarch's dazzling brow?
For India, glitt'ring with her pomp of gold,
For all the gems Golconda's caverns hold?
No; add them all, and this ſtupendous whole
Sinks far beneath one atom of the ſoul.
Give, as I grope this vale of life along,
Give to my ſoul "the fix'd contempt of wrong,"
For ſcience an unconquerable zeal,
And ſtill the mind to *reliſh* what I feel.
All other gifts, O Fortune! I reſign;
Give wealth to others, but let theſe be mine.
Ye happy youths, ye favour'd few, who rove
In the charm'd circle of the muſes' grove,
Pant not for ſeparation—you will find
The time too ſhort to ſatisfy the mind.

Hereafter you will mourn, with heart-felt tears,
The ſhort, ſhort term of four revolving years.
Full ſoon your ſcientific laurels fade;
In the chill dampneſs of oblivion's ſhade.
Anxious viciſſitudes, unnumber'd cares,
The many woes our common nature bears,
Seen dim and diſtant through the claſſic glaſs,
Swell on the mind in one tumultuous maſs;
Drive far away thoſe exquiſite deſires,
Chill the warm heart, and quench the muſes' fires.
Aſk thoſe who lately bade a long farewel,
If in their eyes the tears of tranſport ſwell:
Aſk if fond mem'ry, loth thoſe bow'rs to quit,
Does not with gloomy pleaſure linger yet:
Aſk if forebodings do not cloud the brow
With cares unknown, becauſe untry'd, till now.
Souls which, by unity of ſenſe combin'd,
Are *now* by friendſhip's holy wedlock join'd,
To-morrow ſees diſperſ'd and wand'ring far,
To meet once more at——GOD's eternal bar.

Full often too the tyrant Death invades
The ſober quiet of the muſes' ſhades,
Rifles with ruthleſs hand the promiſe fair,
The child of Hope, and Fame's adopted heir.
Ev'n while impartial Truth prepares to write
His name and worth in characters of light,
She drops her quill, reclines her drooping head,
And tells, with tears, that PADELFORD* is dead.
Auſpicious youth! why ſhould thy parents mourn
Their ſolace from their fond embraces torn?
Enough to fame, to honour, ſure was giv'n;
Earth holds its ſhare, the reſt is claim'd by heav'n.
The laurel, ready on thy brows to bloom,
Shall blow with ten-fold beauty round thy tomb.

Be it thy taſk, O ſon of Science! now,
While expectation riſes on thy brow,

* *John Padelford, a member of the Senior Claſs in Rhode-Iſland College, and one of the Federal Adelphi; who died of the Small-pox.*

While pleaſures, which know none but fancy's
bound,
Riſe in futurity, and dazzle round—
(Pleaſures which fancy only can employ,
And which will yield, at beſt, but *fancied* joy)
Be it thy taſk, all other cares reſign'd,
To give to ſcience all th' enraptur'd mind.
All petty cares, calamities of ſtate,
All party rancour, diſcord's warm debate,
Corroding malice, envy's ſervile taunts,
Forever baniſh from the muſes' haunts;
For theſe unquiet fiends will diſregard
The ſweet effuſions of the Mantuan bard.
Leave to the day of future toil and ſtrife
The many woes which feſter human life:
Improve the hour, the heav'nly nectar ſup,
That ſparkles now in friendſhip's holy cup.

When Diſcord ſounds her clarion loud and ſhrill,
And plants her ſtandard on the muſes' hill,

The ſeats of calm repoſe, the bow'rs of taſte,
Are left a gloomy, melancholy waſte.
Here once th' aſpiring laurel roſe, and ſpread
Its bluſhing honours for the youthful head:
Behold how rifled, with'ring on the ground,
Oblivion's ſpiders weaving cobwebs round.
Of all that once could "dazzle or endear,"
What is there now the ſick'ning heart to cheer?
O let me aſk, (forgive my filial heat)
Where now, fair Science! is thy lov'd retreat?
See in thy groves the ſerpent Slander twine,
And mark how bright his baneful volumes ſhine;
Behold him wind along thy fav'rite plains,
And pour the deadlieſt poiſon of his veins.
Before the blaſting venom of his eyes
Unſpotted worth and conſcious virtue flies.
Thus when the pale moon breaks the night's dull glooms,
And glares with penſive grandeur on the tombs,

The fell hyena quits his dungeon ſoon,
Howls forth a diſmal homage to the moon,
Steals to the grave, expoſes to the air
The corpſe of worth or beauty ſlumb'ring there,
And, while the glooms of midnight horrors laſt,
Safe in his den enjoys the dread repaſt.

Without that viſionary charm that binds
In ſocial intercourſe congenial minds,
Without the aid that confidence can give,
Ah! who could live, or who would wiſh to live?
Auſpicious Fancy! though before thy ſhrine
I bow with rev'rence, own thy charms divine;
Though the bleſt radiance of thy cheering ray
Shines on and gilds the gloom that dulls my day;
Yet, dear deluder! ſhalt thou never be
A "charter'd libertine" to govern me.
Be it my taſk, nor mine alone, to pay
A bounded def'rence to thy mighty ſway.

When once thy objects loom upon my ſight,
Beyond th' extremeſt ſtretch of reaſon's height,
They melt and vaniſh from my wond'ring eye,
Like dreams of night when morn illumes the ſky.

O ſon of Science! view mankind with care,
(For much thy happineſs muſt centre there)
Not by the light which Fancy has diſplay'd,
But view him only as by Nature made;
Noble in reaſon, but in paſſion ſtrong;
Still arguing right, and ſtill performing wrong.
In reaſon's eye (not fancy's) he will paſs,
Virtue and vice compounded in a maſs.
Cromwell, whoſe martial proweſs none could ſtand,
Who tore the ſceptre from his ſov'reign's hand;
With cunning art and wonderful grimace
Could bear a woful gravity of face,
Pretend to viſions that he never ſaw,
Affect the ſaint, and tyrannize by law.

Strange to relate! in that myſterious mind,
The lion and the ſpaniel both were join'd.
Marlb'rough, whoſe glory with ſuch radiance ſhone,
Whoſe deeds of valour ſhook the Bourbon throne,
Whoſe pow'rs the world admir'd, whoſe mighty name
Hangs high and brilliant in the rolls of Fame,
Could his aſpiring ſoul to meanneſs bend,
And, like a goſſip, ſave a candle's end.
Who has not known that tyrant of the wood,
Sung in our ballads, chriſten'd Robin Hood?
Who plunder'd griping Avarice, but gave
The ſpoils of rapine to the needy ſlave?
One led an army, one a ruffian clan—
Tell, ye hiſtorians, which the nobleſt man.

A juſt diſcrimination thus will find
Virtue and vice pervading all mankind.
Words are deceptive, and what authors ſay
Too often leads th' unwary mind aſtray.

Judge men by *actions*, try them truly ſo,
" And neither riſe too high, nor ſink too low."
Here let cool Reaſon dictate, and believe
'Tis Fancy's province always to deceive;
For if, on Fancy's viſionary plan,
You only mark the ſhining traits of man,
That gen'rous confidence engenders harms,
And hugs the ſmiling villain to the arms.
Ingratitude, ev'n with thy honours crown'd,
While yet thy hand is heaping favours round,
Remorſeleſs makes thy tendereſt vein to bleed,
And baſely glories in th' infernal deed.
Say, do you doubt this fact, ingenuous youth?
A bleeding God will teſtify the truth.
Or if your eyes, diſtorted, only view
Mankind's dark foibles (this can fancy do)
Hated miſanthropy will ſeize the heart,
And ſtab with keen ſuſpicion's deadlieſt dart:

No friend remains thy gloomy hours to cheer,
None from thine eyes to wipe the penſive tear:
In ſocial life an hermit you will rove,
Hated by thoſe who fain would court your love.
Small is the pleaſure (though you may condemn)
To hate mankind, and be deſpis'd by them.
Preſerve in ev'ry ſtate the "golden mean;"
There, there alone is "happineſs ſerene:"
So ſhall your buoyant bark triumphant ride,
And ſcud ſecure on life's tempeſtuous tide,
Before the breath of Heav'n's auſpicious gale,
And in the port of glory furl the ſail.

Illuſtrious MANNING!* thus didſt thou controul
The fire and genius of the youthful ſoul;
Teach man his headſtrong paſſions to reſtrain,
And Fancy bridle with Diſcretion's rein;

* *The late Rev. James Manning, D. D. formerly Preſident of Rhode-Iſland College.*

Aſpiring Arrogance, unletter'd Pride,
Shrunk from thy glance, or in thy preſence dy'd;
While modeſt Merit, riſing, bluſh'd to ſee
The chaplet woven for her brows by thee.
'Twas not thy pride on petty crimes to lour,
To ſink the genius, cruſh the mental pow'r:
No; twas thy pride a pard'ning ear to lend,
And in chaſtiſement ſtill to ſhew the friend;
To bid the riſing pride of youth expand,
And touch their follies with a lenient hand;
Still in the boſoms of ingenuous youth
To wake the dormant pow'rs of ſenſe and truth.
This ſacred deſk,* theſe conſecrated walls,
Have often witneſs'd his repeated calls
For poor, unhappy ſinners to return,
While yet the waning lamp of life would burn.
Through him the poor repentant ſinner found
A guardian God, with rays of mercy crown'd;

* *The Baptiſt Church in Providence, over which Preſident Manning was Paſtor for many years.*

A Saviour kindly washing out his stains
In the rich crimson of redeeming veins;
Who, with a countenance serenely mild,
Proffer'd the babe of grace, and Heav'n receiv'd
the child.
Through him, abash'd, the harden'd sinner saw
The terrors of the violated law;
"A righteous Judge descend, the yawning tomb,
Substantial horrors, and eternal doom."
But now, beneath the cold and dampy sod,
His body sleeps; his spirit rests with God.
You, who have seen his labours, know full well
How deep your sorrows were when MANNING fell.
Come then, ye friends of science, virtue, near,
Here pause and pour the tributary tear;
To tender passions all your soul resign,
And mingle for a time your griefs with mine.
Yet if thy fainted spirit can receive
One more enjoyment from what earth can give,—

To ſee yon Seat of Science flouriſh fair,
Which erſt on earth was thy peculiar care,
Though now reclining in the realms of reſt,
Would make thy ſhade, O MANNING, doubly bleſt.

True and False Taste contrasted.

POETS may ſing, and learned caſuiſts ſcan,
The varying paſſions of the mind of man;
Yet ſimple Nature, with ſuperior ſkill,
And nicer touch, accommodates them ſtill.

The melancholy man delights to rove
The deep receſſes of a ſolemn grove,
Alone, unnotic'd, far remote from all
The noiſe of merriment, or midnight brawl:
Beneath the ſober moon's congenial ray
He muſes many a penſive hour away.

Not ſo when pleaſure frolics in the veins—
Then free as air we trip the vernal plains,
Behold the fields and groves extented wide,
Or cattle grazing by the green hill ſide,
Or ſeek ſome diſtant ſhady covert, where,
Full gay of heart, the village maids repair.
Proud of their charms, the buxom dames advance,
Strain ev'ry nerve, and join the rural dance.
His awkward arm the rude muſician ſwings,
And gives to Diſcord all his grating ſtrings.
Nor let the cynic mind contempt beſtow;
'Tis muſic all, where none affect to know.

Or, if the ever-varying mind of man
Would fain the majeſty of Nature ſcan,
He ſeeks ſome mountain, whoſe ſtupendous height,
Ridg'd with the earlieſt beams of morning light,
Glooms o'er the valley its expanded ſhade,
And from its ſummit pours the full caſcade.

Whatever paſſions thus the mind can move,
Delight the fancy, or the ſenſe improve,
Congeal with horror, or can thrill with joy,
Abundant Nature gives them full employ.

'Tis then the poet, rapt in fancy's maze,
On Nature's rude magnificence will gaze;
As round and round his raviſh'd fancy turns,
Each ſenſe, each thought, with tenfold ardour burns;
Original and bold beyond control,
He paints the viſions riſing in his ſoul;
And gives, tranſported, 'midſt the loud acclaim,
The radiant volume to the hands of Fame.
'Tis then the reader, bound by charm of ſong,
Hears the ſoft ſtreamlet roll the vales along,
Or the vex'd billows of the ocean roar,
And break in thunder on the deſert ſhore;
Sighs with the ſhipwreck'd mariner to roam,
In climes far diſtant from his native home,

And leaves his wretched offspring, cold and bare,
To wander hopeleſs in the winter air;
Mourns with the poor, unhappy virgin, when,
Seduc'd by flatt'ring promiſes of men,
She gives her fame, her honour, virtue up,
To drink of wretchedneſs the direſt cup;
Feels with the conqu'ring hero glory's charms,
When, 'midſt the horrid din of war's alarms,
Sweet ſuppliant Mercy marches in his train,
And gives the captive liberty again.
Alive to all the poet's pen reveals,
He wonders at the energy he feels.

Then why ſhould we our time and labour waſte
O'er books to learn the rudiments of taſte—
Thoſe dull and tedious genius-fett'ring rules,
Form'd by the haughty pedagogues of ſchools?
No, let us never breathe th' infected air:
For taſte, ſearch Nature; ſhe is only there.

Immortal SHAKESPEARE, "Fancy's darling child,"
Whene'er he "warbled forth his wood-notes wild,"
Deſpis'd the vulgar rules which critics boaſt,
And in his wild excurſions pleaſes moſt.

Could but the Muſe in humble guiſe aſpire
To catch, O POPE! one glimmer of thy fire,
Life with its various evils would ſhe greet,
And loſe them all in meditation ſweet.
Fiction was then the dreſs which Reaſon wore,
To make her ſov'reign empire pleaſe the more.
Th' unwary reader found his paſſions mov'd,
Yet, while he wonder'd, felt his heart improv'd.
O Pope! thy darts of ſatire, pointed juſt,
Would ſtrike prepoſt'rous Folly to the duſt.
At thy command obſequious Nature rais'd
Her mirror, which with noonday ſplendours blaz'd,
Reflecting ſtill ten thouſand thouſand hues,
And gave their blended radiance to thy muſe.

Thy muſe ſelected from that group, with care,
The grand and lovely, terrible and fair,
Combin'd the whole in one conſiſtent plan,
And gave th' immortal legacy to man.

Science, neglected or unknown till then,
Aſſum'd a ſtate and attitude with men:
Ev'n Opulence, *for once*, her charms admir'd,
Bow'd in her preſence, and with awe retir'd.

How has my ſoul in rapt attention hung,
When thy ſweet chords, harmonious BEATTIE, rung!
Whene'er thy Edwin walks in thought profound,
And views the majeſty of nature round;
The mountain, ſtretching his proud head on high,
Or the cool rainbow, glitt'ring in the ſky;
The ſolemn green of groves, the upland lawn,
On which the morning ſpreads the purple dawn;
What heart ſo callous, ſo inſenſate grown,
As not to make thy raptures all its own?

Hadſt thou, the Muſes' highly favour'd ſon,
Hadſt thou but finiſh'd what thy hand begun,
Thy name remote poſterity would tell;
Exulting Fame her loudeſt clarion ſwell.

Shall I forget thee, melancholy GRAY!
When oft my footſteps pace the "church-yard" way,
Where oft mine eyes ſurvey the wild-flow'r's ſtem,
And mould'ring clod ere long to cover them?
Ah! no; the faded flow'r, th' autumnal tree,
Remind, bleſt bard! my drooping ſoul of thee.

Theſe were the claſſic days when poets wrote
From the pure impulſe ſimple Nature taught.
Correct in diction, and in judgment chaſte,
With all th' unſtudied elegance of taſte,
In language pure, and deſtitute of art,
They charm'd the fancy, while they warm'd the heart.

But now ſuch ſweet ſimplicity gives place
To tawdry ornament, and pert grimace.

Say, can cool judgment ever waſte its time
O'er DELLA CRUSCA's meretricious rhyme;
Where noiſe and nonſenſe hand in hand combine,
And trip it to the meaſure of his line;
Where ſtrange, outrageous ecſtacies, unknown,
Or in the walls of Bedlam felt alone,
Pretend, with wonderful grimace, to vie
With Rapture's thrill, or Love's delicious ſigh?
Here we may read, "th' erratic comet runs,"
Poor trav'ler! through "a wilderneſs of ſuns:" [a]
Here too we read th' enraptur'd poet ſwore, [z]
(Heav'ns! what an oath!) that he would write no more,
Unleſs Matilda would the fray begin,
And ſcrawl her namby pamby rhymes again!
Matilda! tell me, how could'ſt thou reſign
Thyſelf a votary to Cupid's ſhrine,

When, by a ſudden transformation, he
Is from a God chang'd to a gooſe by thee? *
Enough, enough; "I war not with the dead:"
On Folly's aſhes who would wiſh to tread?

Hereafter, let no ſon of Science mourn
That ev'ry ſubject for the Muſe is worn.
Behold! abroad the arch enchanter roves,
And rifles all the pride of Flora's groves;
Then, by his magic, wonder-working pow'r,
Transforms the ſimple, modeſt, bluſhing flow'r
To ſome licentious damſel, bold and gay,
And gives her ſweet virginity away.
The modeſt violet of the humble plain,
The ſweeteſt far of Flora's lovely train,
Emblem of female chaſtity no more,
Forſakes her character, and turns a whore.
Who has not ſeen this mighty work, and cry'd,
"What time miſpent! what labour miſapply'd!"

'Tis done, and written in the rolls of Fame,
A *ſplendid trifler* under DARWIN's name.[5]

Good Heav'ns! can ſuch, with talents ſo unchaſte,
Preſume to rule the bar of public taſte?
O then farewel, for now no more is ſought
That ſimple majeſty of rhyme and thought,
For which th' immortal bards of better days
Toil'd many a ſleepleſs night to grace their lays:
Farewel to all that Nature's charms diſpenſe,
And, laſt of all, farewel to common ſenſe.
O Folly! now the day is all thy own!
Taſte thou haſt vanquiſh'd—now uſurp the throne;
Aſſume the critic's ſcowl and formal ſtare;
Condemn repining Genius to deſpair;
Give to each coxcomb rhymeſter thy applauſe,
"And be thyſelf the great ſublime he draws."
But let me whiſper in thy length of ear,
Though now triumphant, that thy doom draws near.

Continue while thou canſt thy cruel ſport:

A tyrant's power is always very ſhort.

Well pleas'd I hail the day's not diſtant flight,

When Taſte "ſhall reaſſume her ancient right,"

(The reign of folly and deluſion o'er)

And Pope and Poetry preſide once more.

NOTE 1.

Hadſt thou, the muſes' highly-favour'd ſon,
Hadſt thou but finiſh'd what thy hand begun.

"*Edwin*, or the *Minſtrel*," by Dr. Beattie, is perhaps one of the fineſt pieces of poetical compoſition that ever appeared in any language. Unfortunately for mankind, it never was completed. I regret that the limits preſcribed to my publication will not allow me to extract from that beautiful poem.

NOTE 2.

———*Th' erratic comet runs*
Athwart a wilderneſs of ſuns.

Britiſh Album, p. 73.

A wilderneſs of ſuns! Euge poeta!

NOTE 3.

Here too we read th' enraptur'd poet ſwore, &c.

If the reader has any inclination to peruſe this *important* oath, I muſt briefly refer him to the *Britiſh Album*, p. 307. I have neither time nor patience to tranſcribe it.

NOTE 4.

Is from a god chang'd to a gooſe by thee.

O ſeize again thy golden quill,
And with its point my boſom thrill.
It fell from Cupid's burniſh'd wing, &c.

Britiſh Album, p. 3.

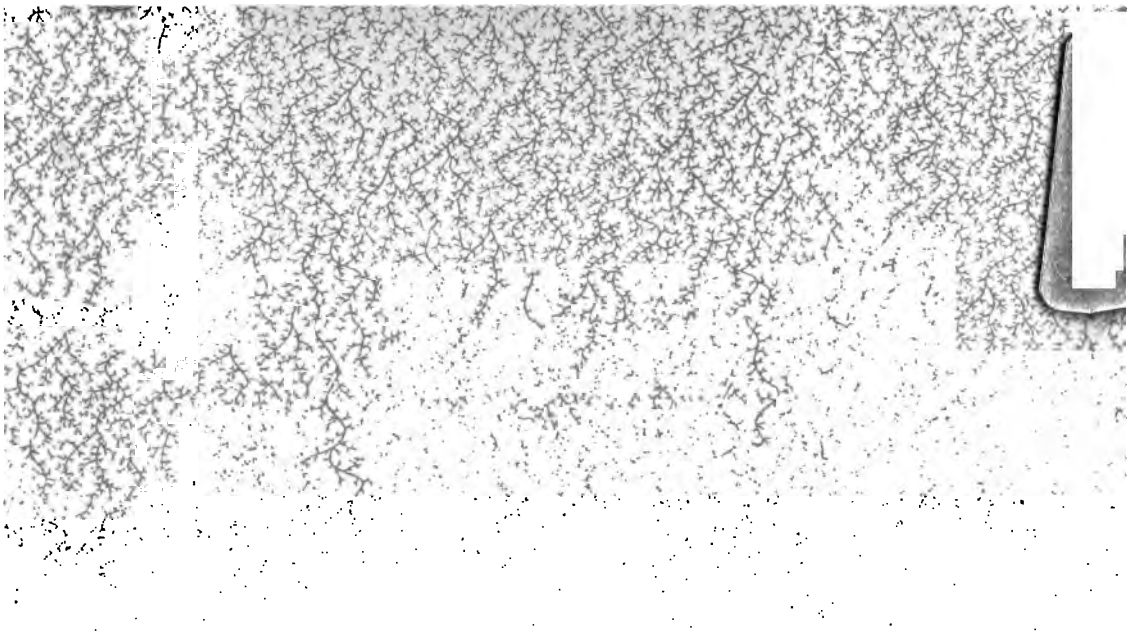
The poetical correſpondence between Della Cruſca and Anna Matilda is, in my humble eſtimation, the *ne plus ultra* of nonſenſe. Puerile conceit, nauſeous compliment, diſtorted metaphor, grimace of ſentiment, and frigid raptures, conſtitute the whole of it. See *Britiſh Album*, paſſim.

NOTE 5.

A ſplendid trifler under DARWIN's *name.*

Dr. Darwin's "*Botanic Garden*" is, in my opinion, as indefenſible on the ground of *morality*, as it is even by ſome of its warmeſt admirers allowed to be on the principles of *taſte*. As for the common bawdry and obſcenity of ſome compoſitions, their horrid vulgarity is, in cultivated minds, an antidote

to their operation. By the ſame rule, whenever laſciviouſneſs is decorated with the glitter of elegant language, we feel ourſelves enamoured with the ſpectacle before we are aware of it. The eye is ſoon weary with contemplating naked beauty; but when the looſeneſs or tranſparency of the drapery expoſes ſome hidden charm, and conceals the reſt, it is then that our luſtful paſſions are excited. Subjects of this kind are always open to ſeverity of remark, and more eſpecially when recommended and enforced by reſpectability of character, or ſplendour of literary acquirements.

FINIS.

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